

# The Outlook

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## The Caminetti Case

What the Ballinger case was to the Taft Administration the Caminetti case might easily have become to the Wilson Administration—and worse—if it had not been for President Wilson's prompt and vigorous action. President Wilson might have taken the case under long advisement, waited for all the evidence to be presented on all sides, and finally submitted the matter to Congress—and the damage would have been irreparable. As it is, in two days he acted, issued his orders, and turned the energies of himself and his Cabinet to constructive matters. The case had the possibilities of the gravest scandal. A man by the name of Caminetti, together with a man by the name of Diggs, are under indictment in California, charged with one of the worst of crimes—the violation of the White Slave Act. Caminetti's father is Commissioner-General of Immigration. He desired leave of absence to attend his son's trial. His superior, Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Labor, believing that such leave of absence, at this time, would interfere with the work of the Department, asked the Attorney-General to postpone the trials till fall. Wishing to accommodate a fellow Cabinet officer, Attorney-General McReynolds ordered the postponement. Thereupon the United States District Attorney in charge of the cases, John L. McNab, who declares that he had advised the Department that the friends of the defendants had been boasting of their power, through their wealth and political prominence, to stay the prosecution, tendered his resignation in a sharp letter criticising the Attorney-General. That a man charged with a grave crime should be shown any lenity by one department of the Government because his father had an official position in another department of the Government seems abhorrent to every sense of justice and public duty. The Secretary of Labor exhibited a grievous lapse of moral judgment when he made

the request for this favor from a fellow-member of the Cabinet; and Attorney-General McReynolds acknowledges that the granting of this request was a mistake—a mistake, we may add, none the less serious in its effect because it was one of inadvertence. If the Commissioner-General felt that his duty as a father conflicted with his duty as a public officer, he should have resigned from his Commissionership—he could not resign as father; and if the Secretary of Labor felt that the Commissioner-General's duties as father and as public officer conflicted, he should not have thought for a minute of interfering with the expedition of a criminal case, but should have asked for the Commissioner-General's resignation.



## What the President Did

One of the evils that have brought dishonor upon the United States have been the delays characteristic of American criminal cases, and the suspicion—too well founded—that wealth, social position, and political influence are able to secure special privileges for some classes of people charged with crime—that criminal prosecutions are affected by favors. There is absolutely nothing that more clearly justifies indignation—or that historically has proved to be more certainly an invitation to revolution—than a condition of affairs under which the rich and politically influential can commit crime with impunity. If the country should become persuaded that any Administration were countenancing such a condition of affairs, that Administration would become hopelessly discredited. President Wilson, by immediately issuing orders to push the white slave cases, made it clear that he countenanced no such condition. To expedite these cases is clearly the duty of the Government—a duty toward both the public and the accused men: for if the accused are guilty, then they should receive prompt punishment; if they are inno-

cent, their acquittal should be equally prompt. At the same time that the President ordered the prosecution of the cases forthwith, thus sustaining the contention of District Attorney McNab and reversing the action of Attorney-General McReynolds, he gave out a statement indorsing Attorney-General McReynolds and accepting the resignation of District Attorney McNab. This action is not as inconsistent as it appears. If he were to retain his Attorney-General, he could not keep in office the District Attorney who had publicly criticised his own chief; and as the President evidently believed that Attorney-General McReynolds's order postponing the case was an instance of humane impulse obscuring sound judgment rather than of any wrong intent, he accepted District Attorney McNab's resignation. In spite of the fact that the resignation of Mr. McNab seems under the circumstances to have been unavoidable, he has clearly rendered the country a service.

**The New Currency Bill** The new Currency Bill, the origin and development of which we described in our last issue, was introduced into Congress last Thursday. President Wilson, for a second time since his inauguration, visited the Capitol and in person read his message on the bill to the House and Senate seated in joint session. He pointed out the immediate necessity of legislation for currency and banking reform; urged that the currency must be elastic; that it should be chiefly based on credit or assets; that bank reserves should be so managed as actually to be reserves to be drawn on in time of trouble; and, finally, that "the control of the system of banking and of issues which our new laws are to set up must be public, not private—must be vested in the Government itself, so that the banks may be the instruments, not the masters, of business and of individual enterprise and initiative." We cannot too often repeat that we are in hearty accord with the last-stated principle of Federal control, and consider it to be the foundation-stone of a sound and just currency and banking system. The chief features of the new Currency Bill are the following: The country is to be divided into districts or regions, at first not less than twelve. In each of these districts or regions there is to be a Federal Reserve Bank, in which the banks of the region that comply with the conditions of

the law may keep a large part of their legal reserve, thus "mobilizing" or concentrating the reserves of the region in a simple institution. Provision is made for the retirement during a period of twenty years of the present bond-secured circulation of the National banks, and the substitution therefor of United States treasury notes issued through the Regional Reserve Banks and based upon assets. The present banks are to be given three per cent bonds in place of the two per cent bonds, the value of which at such a low rate of interest rests largely in their circulation function. Simple justice requires this exchange. The total amount of National bank notes which will thus be retired at the rate of \$35,000,000 a year is about \$700,000,000. In addition, provision is made for the immediate issue to the banks, as needed, currency not to exceed \$500,000,000 in United States Treasury notes based upon assets. This extra issue is to be made elastic by permitting the Federal Reserve Board to tax it. Each of the twelve Federal Reserve or Regional Banks is to have the power to fix the rate of discount on loans and commercial paper for its region, subject to the approval of the Federal Reserve Board. The Federal Reserve Board is to be composed of seven members, three of whom shall be the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Comptroller of the Currency. The other four members are to be appointed by the President with the approval of the Senate. The division of the country into Regions or Districts, so that local conditions and local needs can be wisely dealt with; the basing of our bank currency upon assets instead of on bonds; the fixing of the rate of discount by central boards of bankers with government power to modify their decisions; and the embodiment of the idea of Government supervision of the whole system, are all steps in advance in our banking methods. We hope the bill will be passed practically in its present form. After it has been put in operation it will be time enough to discover from practical experience what amendments as to details and methods of operation are necessary. On the whole, the bill, as it now stands, expresses the best banking wisdom and sentiment of Europe, Great Britain, and the United States. The most serious mistake of the Administration in connection with it seems to us to be the prominence Mr. Bryan has been allowed

to assume in relation to its framing and enactment. Whatever Mr. Bryan's other virtues are, and he has many, he does not possess the virtue of having the confidence of the country in financial matters. He has been twice defeated decisively for the Presidency on the issue of his own financial theories. Moreover, the Secretary of State is not the Cabinet officer to whom the financial interests of the country are intrusted. However, the bill is not Mr. Bryan's bill. It is practically the bill of the Monetary Commission, with no real changes in principle except the desirable change of making the Central Reserve Association or Federal Reserve Board a Government body instead of a body of private bankers. The other differences between the Monetary Bill and the present bill are largely those of phraseology.

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#### The Tariff and the Caucus

The Democratic caucus of the Senate proved amenable to the purpose of the party leaders and to the Administration when it indorsed, last week, the free sugar and free wool paragraphs of the Underwood Bill, with apparently no secession of disappointed Senators from the party ranks. Washington advices say that the only Senators who are likely to vote against the tariff bill on its final passage are the two from Louisiana, and even that is not certain. The bill was reported back from the Senate's Finance Committee on June 20 with several really important suggestions of change. The most notable of these were the addition to the free list of cattle and other animals used for food (which were taxed in the original Underwood Bill), and the extremely interesting proposal as to the income tax that the amount exempt should be reduced from \$4,000 to \$3,000, and that fathers of families should be allowed an additional exemption of \$1,000 on account of their wives (unless they are self-supporting) and of \$500 each for not over two children. The caucus at this writing has not acted on this proposal. It is calculated that the changes made by the Senate Finance Committee would add five or six million dollars income in excess of that provided in the House bill. The tariff bill now undergoes the ordeal of attempted amendment in the Senate. In another matter the Democratic caucus proved less willing to follow Mr. Underwood's leadership; in a caucus of the members of the lower house

the project of legislation looking to a reasonable budget system was defeated, although it may possibly come up again. The members seem unwilling to put a restraint on their own eagerness for passing appropriations which are of the so-called "pork barrel" variety. No great business corporation could possibly carry on its work intelligently without some such advance planning as is implied in a budget; the principle is sound, and sooner or latter must be applied to National affairs.

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#### A Tax on Beauty

To the dismay of all friends of art, the United States Senate actually proposes a duty on works of contemporary art. The Underwood Tariff Bill, as submitted to the House, had as one of its most praiseworthy features the freeing of contemporary art from any duty. Our art needs no protection from foreign art; if it did need it, it would not be worthy of protection. It will be remembered that the Payne-Aldrich Bill, passed four years ago, put art objects over twenty years old on the free list. So far, so good. But this provision affected in general a very high-priced class of pictures which could be bought only by very rich men—in other words, the provision gave to rich men their class of art free. To the man of moderate means, who is the chief buyer of works of contemporary art, Congress declined to grant a free provision. The Underwood Tariff, as presented, did give him that privilege—the privilege of acquiring works of contemporary art before they had appreciated in value, had fallen into the hands of dealers, and had become the hobby of the rich. But this is not all. Because a man happens to be a contemporary, it does not prove that he may not belong in that class which we are accustomed to call the "immortals." Rodin is living, and any of his works not yet twenty years old are dutiable. It is necessary for any student of sculpture to see Rodin's recent works. They cannot be brought to this country except upon paying a duty. The same is true of the paintings of living artists such as Monet, Degas, and Renoir. Hence the action of the Senate Finance Committee in proposing to tax all paintings and sculptures under *fifty* years of age is adding injury to insult. It insults the ability and the intelligence of our own artists. It insults the intelligence of the country, for no other civilized country taxes art. Finally, it is bad economics. We spend

millions of dollars on educational and art foundations, and then we proceed to cripple our institutions and hamper the work and study of American artists, that we may bring in a certain negligible amount of revenue on modern art. If we want to interfere with the spread of knowledge and the spread of good taste, and to make the country provincial, we can do so by no surer means than by the adoption of the Senate's antiquated provision.



#### A Pure Food Victory

An odd illustration of the fact that executive regulations sometimes have the practical effect of legislation was brought to light the other day, when such a regulation was revoked and the law was thereby allowed to resume its natural course. The regulation in question exempted meat and meat products from the operation of the Food and Drugs Act, and left, as regards meat, only such power to the Government as is to be found under the Meat Inspection Law. It is difficult to see a reason for this regulation, as the Attorney-General now says that the two acts were intended to be supplementary to one another, and that each should apply to all food or food products described in either law. Under the new ruling, manufacturers of meat products will be required to comply with the provisions about misbranding and adulterated and unwholesome food which are found in the Food and Drugs Act. Whenever, for instance, potted meats sent through interstate commerce are falsely labeled, or when they are adulterated or unwholesome, they may be seized and the owners prosecuted, whereas under the regulation just repealed that might not, and probably would not, be possible under the Meat Inspection Law. In short, the new ruling gives back to the Government precisely that supervision in the interest of health and honesty that was originally intended.



#### The Commission on Industrial Relations

By the last Congress there was created, at the urgent solicitation of an influential group of social workers, a Commission on Industrial Relations. No act of the last Congress was more important than the creation of this Commission. The industrial wars that break out repeatedly in industrial centers—such as Lawrence, Massachusetts, Paterson, New Jersey, and the coal

regions of West Virginia—are symptoms of grave social disorders that are a peril to democracy. It is for the purpose of studying the conditions that create such conflicts, and recommending legislation, that the Commission was created. President Taft's appointments to the Commission did not meet with the approval of those best qualified to judge, and they failed of confirmation. Now President Wilson has named the following individuals to constitute the Commission:

Frank P. Walsh, of Missouri; John R. Commons, of Wisconsin; Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, of New York; Frederic A. Delano, of Illinois; Harris Weinstock, of California; S. Thurston Ballard, of Kentucky; John B. Lennon, of Illinois; James O'Connell, of Washington, D. C.; and Austin B. Garretson, of Iowa.

Not long ago *The Outlook*, in commenting on the Paterson strike, said that "the President should at once appoint as members of the Industrial Relations Commission, created by the act of the last Congress, men who will command the confidence of the whole country." We do not believe that the list of appointees he has submitted to the Senate will command such confidence; for though one or two of the names on the list are well known, most of them are unfamiliar to the country at large. It is important that those who undertake this task should start with popular confidence; but it is still more important that they should prove that they deserve popular confidence by the work they do. There is no other group of people in the country to whom a greater responsibility is committed. It is somewhat as if, in the period prior to the Civil War, a President had appointed a Commission on Slavery. The welfare of the country depends on the right solution of our industrial problems. If this Commission is equal to its task, it may affect for untold good the future history of the United States, and the lives of innumerable men, women and children.



#### Mobs and Aliens

Whatever may be said about the restriction of immigration and the proper conditions to impose on land-ownership by foreigners, nothing can be said in defense of any interference by a mob with foreigners of any kind. As a matter of fact, such mobs are usually made up to a considerable extent of men who have recently arrived in this country and have not yet become Americanized in sentiment, though they may have taken out naturalization papers.

If the first newspaper reports are to be trusted, the village of Hemet, in southern California, has witnessed the first outbreak of race antagonism since the passage of the anti-Japanese land act by the California Legislature. The mob which made the attack on a group of laborers sent to Hemet to assist in the harvesting of the fruit crops did not, it is reported, know the nationality of the newcomers. It assumed, however, that they were Japanese, although as a matter of fact they were Koreans. Largely as the result of fortunate circumstances, no physical violence was inflicted on the Koreans, but they were compelled to protect themselves in the station until a special train took them out of town. The ranchers of the region declare that it is impossible to secure sufficient home labor to save the ripening crops, and that they were compelled to import Korean workers. If this is true, it is another illustration of the "dog-in-the-manger" policy which is at the heart of race antagonism. It is reported that the Japanese are investigating the occurrence, and it is very much to be hoped that they will investigate it thoroughly and make their findings known. But the duty of investigation belongs to the State authorities; and the country will hold them responsible for searching and impartial investigation and for such measures as will prevent such occurrences in the future. We are in great danger of an outbreak of race antagonism of the worst kind. Such outbreaks are epidemic. The State of California owes it to itself and to the United States rigorously and promptly to crush any attempts in this direction. The story of this occurrence was undoubtedly telegraphed at once to Tokyo. If there should be in any part of Japan unpleasant experiences for foreigners, the anti-Japanese agitators in California will be responsible.

#### Anglo-French Relations

The visit to England of President Poincaré, of France, is of wider than merely Anglo-French interest—indeed, whatever affects England and France affects the world. The possibility that England and France can ever again become enemies may be ignored, if one may take the reception of the French President in England as an indication. No one in the shouting crowds gave vent to the old anti-French cries of "Waterloo" or "Fashoda;" no one seemed

to remember that throughout the centuries England and France have almost always been enemies and not friends. No visiting monarch has ever been entertained by an English king with greater splendor and dignity than President Poincaré. King George and the city of London vied with each other in this entertainment, and its meaning was happily expressed by M. Poincaré in response to the Lord Mayor's toast at the Guildhall, where the President was received with all the elaborate old-time formalities. M. Poincaré said: "The friendship between our two nations becomes, if possible, strengthened and reaffirmed to-day. No longer can any incident arise of such a nature as to affect international politics without the loyal exchange of views by our two friendly Governments. Co-operation exists between them. While it does not exclude co-operation with any other power, it tends to the maintenance of European peace, and establishes between Great Britain and France a fraternal confidence and a common will." This notable sentiment was the more emphatic because, instead of preceding what it describes, it succeeds it. The prevention of the spread of the Balkan conflict to all Europe was due to such a "fraternal confidence" and such a "common will."



"War has begun," was the headline last week in the newspapers at Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, and Belgrade, the capital of Serbia. The headline was misleading. It did not announce a new Balkan war so much as a very serious armed conflict between Bulgarians and Servians in Macedonia. The conflict was long drawn out, for it lasted from one o'clock in the morning until six in the evening. About five hundred men were killed and many more wounded. The final and, to many, unexpected result was a Bulgarian rout. The cause of the fight was an attack by about twelve thousand Bulgarians, accompanied by several hundred bomb-throwers, on the Servian positions. The Servians immediately accepted the challenge, brought their heavy artillery and machine guns into action, and sent a call for reinforcements. The Servians then charged the Bulgarians at the point of the bayonet all along the line. The fighting was the most serious of any reported since the beginning of the quarrel between Bulgaria and Serbia; this was due to the fact that the former wished to dislodge the latter from some

positions in Macedonia; the Bulgars claimed that, by the treaty entered into before the recent Balkan war, these positions were to become Bulgarian in the event of a victory of the allies over Turkey. To this the Servians replied that as Bulgaria has already received a far larger proportionate addition of territory than have the other Balkan allies, as a result of the victory, there is no reason why the positions occupied by the Servians in Macedonia should be surrendered.

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Nicholas II and  
the Balkans

We are glad that the Bulgaro-Serb dispute has, at his strenuous insistence, been referred to the Emperor of Russia for arbitration. We are also glad that the proposed meeting of the Balkan Prime Ministers is to take place at St. Petersburg, because it will have the advantage of the Russian Government's direct influence. The meeting of the Prime Ministers should, of course, be uninfluenced by last week's fighting between Bulgar and Serb. The meeting should result in an agreement as to the new boundaries of Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece, and, what is more, the agreement should not contain the seeds of future enmities. With regard both to the Bulgaro-Serb dispute and to the meeting of the Prime Ministers, now that the text of the Emperor's telegrams to the Bulgarian and Servian kings has arrived in this country, the Imperial act stands out more vividly as the one thing necessary to check what otherwise would have developed into a second Balkan war. Certain passages of the text which were not telegraphed deserve quotation:

The news of the projected interview among the Premiers of the four allied States . . . has given me greatest pleasure. This intention seems to indicate the desire of the Balkan States to arrive at an agreement and consolidate an alliance which has hitherto given most brilliant results.

But it is with a feeling of regret that I learn that this decision has not yet been put into execution, and that the Balkan States appear to be preparing for a fratricidal war which may dim the glory they have earned in common.

At this grave moment I appeal directly to your Majesty, as it is my right and duty to do. It was to Russia that Bulgaria and Servia, by their treaty of alliance, agreed to submit for decision any differences relative to the application of the terms of the treaty. . . . I therefore ask your Majesty to remain true to the obligations contracted by you, and to turn to Russia for the settlement of the present difference between Bulgaria and Servia.

Regarding the functions of arbitrator, not as

a prerogative but as a painful duty which I cannot avoid, I feel it incumbent on me to warn your Majesty that a war between the allies could not leave me indifferent. I wish to make it known that the State which begins this war will be responsible before the Slav cause, and that I reserve to myself all liberty as to the attitude which Russia will adopt in regard to the results of such a criminal struggle.

These words will, we believe, do more than anything which has happened since Nicholas II summoned the first Hague Peace Conference to make the Czar stand forth as a statesman.

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First Aid for  
the Insane

Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, calls our attention to

the fact that a bill was passed, practically unnoticed, in the closing days of the last session of the New York Legislature, which marks as important a step in the care of the insane as has been taken in a generation. The bill, which became law by the approval of Governor Sulzer and is now in effect, permits each State Hospital for the Insane to establish an out-patient department, thus opening the way for the efficient treatment of persons ill with mental diseases, in the early stages of their disease, and at the same time making it possible to discharge safely hundreds of convalescing patients who previously had to be kept from their friends and families because they could not be provided with the skilled observation and advice after leaving the hospitals. The treatment of mental disease in out-patient departments is now an untried experiment. There are already thirty such clinics in New York and a few very widely scattered in other States; but most of them are small, poorly equipped, and undermanned. It would be quite unfair, however, to give the impression that early diagnosis and early treatment insure recovery in all cases of mental disease, or even in the greater proportion of cases. But even in those cases which eventually become chronic an early diagnosis and recognition of the disease is of the utmost moment to the families of those who are afflicted. Dr. Salmon informs us that he knew of a case in which the cashier of a bank, whose business life had been irreproachable, became careless and untidy in his dress and wasted the funds in his custody in the most foolish ways. He was convicted of embezzlement, and died in disgrace a short time after, the most charitable view expressed by his associates being that his death had atoned for his wrong-doing. Fortunately, his

family, recognizing that his conduct could be accounted for only by mental disease, had the courage and good sense to demand an autopsy, and the autopsy showed conclusively that he had died of general paresis. Many instances of this sort, says Dr. Salmon, could be given by physicians who deal with mental diseases. Their lesson is that, although such cases cannot be cured, it is of great importance that their existence should be recognized, in order that serious social troubles may be averted. But this will be possible only when there are just as good facilities for the examination and treatment of early cases of mental disorder as for other kinds of disease. The early diagnosis of mental disorders would serve no more useful purpose than in the detection of the "half-insane" and of those individuals, like Schrank, the would-be assassin of Colonel Roosevelt, in whose defective or disordered minds social and political ideas are so deformed and perverted that they must find expression in the assassination of men in public life. Nearly all such persons are known by their relatives or friends to be "queer" long before they commit crimes. Provisions for examination at out-patient clinics would often reveal their condition and make it possible to guard against attempts at crime.

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#### The Preventive Treatment of Mental Disease

What this out-patient method of treating mental disease may accomplish in alleviating personal and family suffering is obvious. It may also make it possible to do much more effective preventive work than is now being done in the treatment of those suffering from mental disturbance. It does not seem too visionary to conceive of the growth of these out-patient clinics into Mental Hygiene Institutes in the larger centers of population, in which many cases of mental disease will be successfully treated without the necessity of the removal of the patients from their home at all. These Mental Hygiene Institutes will form centers for effective work in the prevention of mental disease. An institute with several departments would be capable of dealing much more efficiently with its cases than the ordinary out-patient clinic. It will have examining rooms fully equipped for modern psychological examinations, occupation rooms with skilled instructors in the manual arts, and facilities for all kinds of special treatment, such as hydrotherapy, electrotherapy, and

mechanotherapy. Besides the staff of physicians who attend the clinic there would be others to visit patients in their homes. In all other kinds of illness treatment in the home by a visiting physician and a nurse who remains with the patient is frequently desirable and often absolutely necessary, and, even if it is found that the proportion of mental cases in which this form of treatment is desirable is small, there should be provision for it. Social service has one of its greatest fields of usefulness in mental cases, and so in the Mental Hygiene Institute the social service department would be most efficiently organized and would serve as a training-school for social service nurses. This new plan of attacking the problem of mental diseases in the communities in which they originate marks the end of a long period of inactivity, during which the State of New York has watched apprehensively the rising tide of the mentally abnormal in its institutions without making a single effort to check the streams which feed it.

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#### New England Commencements

Commencement at Williams College was even more beautifully framed than usual, for the grounds around Grace Hall, the noble new assembly building, and around the new quadrangle, have been put in order, and the architectural dignity and charm of these additions to the housing of the College have become apparent. It was pleasant to notice also the increased interest in college exercises. For many years past in colleges in this part of the world debates and formal student exercises, except the semi-social exercises out of doors, have received scant attention. Of late these exercises are bringing together old-fashioned crowds, and the debates and addresses are listened to with eager interest. There was, moreover, a general atmosphere of cheerfulness in view of the fact that, as President Garfield announced, the College has begun a campaign to obtain an additional endowment of two million dollars. Half of the first million, the President declared, is practically within reach, and a hundred and fifty thousand dollars may be counted on as a beginning for the second half million. Two millions is a large sum; but Williams College needs it and ought to have it. It needs the first million to make up its annual deficits, now largely contributed by individual subscribers; deficits created,

not by extravagance, but by a conscientious and determined effort to give the best possible educational opportunities. It needs the revenue of the second million to add to the salaries of its teaching force. No part of the proposed additional two millions will be used for building purposes. It will be devoted entirely to general endowment. Mr. William Roscoe Thayer (whose degree from Harvard we recorded last week), the author of the "Life of Cavour" and other distinguished works in history and criticism, and Mr. Frank J. Mather, Jr., Professor of Art and Archæology at Princeton, and an authoritative writer on art and literature, received the degree of Doctor of Humanities. By Amherst District Attorney Whitman was deservedly honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws, as was Mr. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce. From Dartmouth College Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, received the same degree.

**The Beecher Centenary in Litchfield** The centenary of Mr. Beecher's birth fell on June 24, but at Litchfield, Connecticut, where he spent fourteen years of his early life, it was celebrated on June 21. The exercises were under the auspices of the Litchfield Historical Society, and Dr. Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, delivered the oration. Dr. Lyman Beecher became pastor of the Congregational church in Litchfield in 1810 and remained there sixteen years. He described this period as "the most laborious part of his life." He led the way in a vigorous and eloquent war against intemperance, and it was during these years that the Unitarian controversy became acute. A very characteristic story is told of Henry Ward Beecher during his boyhood in the parsonage. One morning Dr. Beecher heard his sons engaged in a heated debate. The noise of the discussion attracted his attention, and he went to the foot of the stairs and asked what the loud talking meant. One of the older boys replied, "Father, Henry says that God cannot make a piece of paper with only one side"—an early expression of the active mind of the man who more perhaps than any other preacher of his generation in America was to lead the way to a rational conception of the divine nature. Litchfield has kept and increased its ancient beauty, and holds a first place among the most attractive old New England towns. In Mr. Beecher's boyhood it had a

society notable for intelligence and culture; and, like many other towns of its kind and quality, it had a high appreciation of its own standards. A delightful story is told of an old gentleman from Litchfield, to the effect that an American returning from a visit to London, which was a rare experience in those days, said to him that the wife of the American Minister at the Court of St. James's, who happened to be a Litchfield girl, was considered one of the most beautiful women in London. The old man drew himself up proudly and said: "Mrs. — was considered beautiful even on Litchfield Hill."

**Edgar Gardner Murphy** Edgar Gardner Murphy, whose body last week finally succumbed to the strain to which it had long been subject, was one of the bravest spirits ever hampered and restricted by physical weakness. In spite of ill health of the sort to which many a man has yielded, he became a leader not merely of Southern liberalism but of National progress in social welfare and in education. Most unselfishly devoted to the welfare of all sorts and conditions of men, he was in particular never forgetful of the highest interests of the South. Indeed, no man in this generation has succeeded so well in interpreting the South to the rest of the country. How widely read his books have been we do not know; but two of his books, "Problems of the Present South" and "The Basis of Ascendancy," have been read by leaders of thought and have had an influence extending far beyond the circle of those who know the books themselves. These two volumes should be in the hands of every American who wants to know his own countrymen. One of Mr. Murphy's greatest services to his country was rendered in his untiring efforts to rid his country of the blot of child labor. He was the organizer and first secretary of the National Child Labor Committee. In the course of his efforts to free children from the burden of factory toil he encountered the opposition of powerful interests. The fact that these interests were largely centered in the South, including his own State of Alabama, laid him open to the cruelly unjust charge that he was no true lover of his State or of the South. It was in fact just because he was loyal to both his State and to the South that he gave himself to the study of those problems that most vex that part of the country. He was among the

foremost of those who have directed into right ways the great educational revival of the South. It was not only by virtue of his official positions—as executive secretary of the Southern Education Board, vice-president of the Conference for Education in the South, organizer and secretary of the Southern Society for Consideration of Race Problems and Conditions in the South, editor of official reports of conferences and the like—but also by virtue of his personal influence exerted in many ways, that Mr. Murphy was a leader of education in the largest sense. He was not yet forty-four years old when he died last week; and he had borne for years the handicap of a weak heart; but he had achieved what few men with long life are able to achieve. Every child that is delivered by law from the oppressive toil of the factory owes a debt to Edgar Gardner Murphy. Every country school, especially in the South, that finds its resources enlarged, will be in part under obligation to Edgar Gardner Murphy. Every movement in approach toward a better understanding of the race problem in the South will feel in some degree the influence of the spirit of Edgar Gardner Murphy. He was one of those who will always be remembered as the makers of the new South, and therefore of a new America. “Of this new South”—let us repeat what we said four years ago—“we know of no nobler representative than Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy. An Episcopal clergyman, he some time ago retired, not only from his local parish, but from the ministry, that he might give himself to the work of interpreting, and so developing, the growing sentiment of humanity, justice, and liberty in his own section. He has continued this work with quiet, unpretentious heroism, in spite of opposition from some, misunderstanding from others, and contemptuous ignoring of his efforts by still others, and in spite of ill health, which might well have justified his retiring from the battlefield and seeking the repose of invalidism. But his has not been a voice crying in the wilderness. He has spoken for an increasing constituency.”

#### Against Convict Leases

Any system of dealing with prisoners which hires them out on leases to the highest bidder is mediæval, not to say barbaric. It is with strong approval and pleasure, therefore, that *The Outlook* notes a call recently issued

by a large number of influential men in Alabama, appointing a public meeting in order to discuss the best method of taking convict mine labor out of the laws of the State. The movement is not only encouraging but is very probably the beginning of a revolution in public opinion, and one that will lead to legislative action. In its call the committee, which is headed by Captain Frank S. White, of Birmingham, declares that the system is nothing better than cold blooded commercialism, in which the right purpose of imprisonment—namely, the prevention of crime and the reform of the criminal—has been lost sight of, while every opportunity is afforded for avarice, heartlessness, and inhumanity among the contractors. They even go so far as to say that the present treatment of convicts is worse than the old form of slavery, for in the latter the owner of the slave had some personal interest in caring for his well-being, but under the contract labor system that interest does not exist. It is charged, with justice, that the system increases crime instead of preventing it, and is a nursery for producing criminals, while it impedes the administration of the law, since humane judges and juries hesitate to convict because of the intolerable hardship of the system. These assertions are based on human justice and on human nature; the appeal to the people of Alabama will surely be heeded sooner or later; the indications are that the reform will not long be postponed.



#### A Presentment of Horrors

A Grand Jury of New York State has given its official affirmation to the charges of wretched and horrible conditions in Sing Sing Prison which were recently mentioned in *The Outlook*. The Grand Jury has not reported on the charges of misconduct by officials, and has that subject under consideration. But as to the physical conditions of the prison, the Grand Jury declares that drastic action is needed; the cells, says the report, are unfit for the housing of animals, much less fit for human beings; the lack of sunlight and the dampness are injurious, and men often leave the prison permanently crippled and diseased, while it is a breeding-place for tuberculosis. The crowding of prisoners together in badly ventilated spaces is denounced. The punishment cells have, it is said, driven men insane, and many, in consequence of the agony endured while

incarcerated, have attempted suicide. This is the barest outline of the horrible conditions described in detail in this report. No wonder one newspaper comments on the finding under the title "The People's Murder House and Insanity Shop"! It has been known for a long time that the conditions of this prison were indefensible. The State of New York is criminally responsible for this. Difference of opinion as to the right course to pursue has delayed reform intolerably, and, if the State is to throw off the disgrace imputed to it by this official examination, it must act instantly, intelligently, and thoroughly.



#### The Bureau of Rural Organization

Until recent years the belief has very largely prevailed that scientific farming was solely a question of making two blades of grass grow where but one had previously appeared. Thus the farmer has been placed, theoretically at least, in the position of a manufacturer who doubles his output without making a corresponding effort to modernize his facilities for distribution. Farmers, granges, and agricultural colleges are now working to shift the emphasis from production to distribution. A great advance in this direction has been made by the Department of Agriculture in creating a Bureau of Rural Organization. The Secretary of Agriculture has sought and secured the services of Dr. T. N. Carver, Professor of Economics in Harvard University, as director of this work, and the President of Harvard University has granted Dr. Carver indefinite leave of absence for the purpose. Dr. Carver has for many years been deeply interested in rural life, and has been a pioneer in the study of rural economic problems. He has written one of the most useful books on the subject of rural economics, and has devoted a considerable part of his time as a teacher in Harvard University to courses in rural economics. In so far as possible the work of his Bureau will proceed along the lines laid down by the late Dr. Knapp in his farm demonstration work in the South, a work which had begun to achieve notable results even before the attention of the public was called to the rural problem by the Commission on Rural Life, which reported a few years ago. Secretary Houston was close to this work at its beginning in Texas, and has been active in its direction ever since. Obviously a large part of the work of the new bureau

for the first year or so must be in the line of study and investigation, to gather together, catalogue, and tabulate the facts regarding existing organizations both here and abroad. On the basis of this accumulated information, effective organization may spread safely over the entire country. This information will be necessary in order that proposed co-operative societies and other rural organizations may avoid certain mistakes which have been too frequently repeated in the past. The opportunities for service in this field are almost without limit. One such opportunity lies in the more economical marketing of farm produce. Providing adequate credit facilities for small farmers furnishes another. Developing opportunities for recreation and social life in the country is another. In still other cases the improvement of health through organized sanitation will furnish a very important object to be accomplished. Such a programme, if carried out with intelligence and courage, should make for the health, wealth, and happiness of our rural population.



#### In the Field of Sport

The end of each scholastic year brings with it a series of notable events upon the diamond and the river; each college and its dearest foe linked together in The Game or The Race beside which all others pale to insignificance. Even the most ardent partisans, however, must admit that certain contests are, at least to the public, of pre-eminent interest. Such are the annual races on the Thames, at New London, and on the Hudson, at Poughkeepsie. As a spectacle the contest between Yale and Harvard is the more brilliant. The long lines of steam yachts and sailing yachts that crowd not only the narrow waters of the Thames but many space-filling columns in the daily press, the great crowds turning the quiet streets of New London to a pageant of faces and flags, are not soon to be forgotten. For several years this mass of color and life has merely furnished the setting for a Harvard Holiday. This year Yale, grown desperate after many defeats, imported English shells and English coaches. The result was by no means encouraging, for Harvard again swept the river, winning the varsity race by ten full lengths. The next day Yale's cup of woe was filled to overflowing by an unexpected defeat at the hands of the Harvard baseball nine in Brooklyn. This year Yale has failed to win a single major sport,

unless the dual track meet be included, from her chief rival. At Poughkeepsie, Cornell, conceded by all as the probable winner, was defeated by the crew of Syracuse University, after Cornell and Columbia had "killed each other off" in the first two miles. The contesting crews finished in the following order: Syracuse, Cornell, Washington, Wisconsin, Columbia, and Pennsylvania. The showing made by the University of Washington was in every particular creditable. With Washington and Michigan represented, the Poughkeepsie race attains the dignity of a National event. It is to be hoped that they will again be seen in the East. The Outlook has already recorded the first victory of the American polo team over the English challengers. The second game likewise resulted in a victory for the Meadow Brook Four, and the championship remains with us "until further notice." The tennis team which recently defeated Australia is now in England awaiting its match with Germany. Meanwhile the individual members of that team have entered a tournament for the championship of England.

#### The Ascent of Mount McKinley

Something of the same interest attaches to the conquest of a mountain peak which has resisted many attempts to scale it that so long exercised fascination over men's minds as regards the search for the North Pole. Mount McKinley, believed to be the highest point in North America, is such a peak. To say nothing of the exposed false claim of Dr. Cook that he had reached the top of Mount McKinley, a claim supported, as was declared by experts, with "faked" photographs, several other expeditions have attempted the difficult feat, and Professor Parker, of Columbia University, in 1912, actually reached one summit and gave the height of the mountain as a little over twenty thousand feet. Recently word has come that a successful ascent has just been made by Archdeacon Hudson Stuck. The point reached was the southern pinnacle of Mount McKinley, and while the exact height indicated by the observations has not yet been announced, the party are convinced that they reached absolutely the highest of the several points. They followed a route opened by earthquakes last summer. It adds to the interest of this achievement in mountain-climbing to know that it was accomplished

by a missionary of the Episcopal Church, and that he and his companions knelt in prayer at the summit, recited the thanksgiving service of the Church, and put up as a memorial a cross six feet high.

#### Bishop Brent on Immigration

Bishop Brent, of the Philippines, recently came from Europe to this country in the steerage. His steamer was the Cunarder Caronia from Liverpool. There were over fourteen hundred in the steerage—Britons, Scandinavians, and others largely from the north of Europe. On leaving, the Bishop remarked: "I belong to the people and wish to be among them: my coming in the steerage does not imply any disparagement of the people of the first and second cabins; it simply indicates my desire to be among my humbler brethren." On arriving, Dr. Brent declared that he had enjoyed the trip as much as any he had ever taken. He ate the meals served in the steerage and found them excellent; indeed, he had nothing but commendation for steerage quarters, food, and service. Even more interesting to us was the character of the steerage passengers as Bishop Brent saw it. "If the people with whom I had personal contact," says he, in writing to *The Outlook*, "are typical of those who have been coming here recently, the country has no cause for apprehension." This of course applies to immigrants from northern Europe. It does not apply to those from southern Europe. With them the Bishop feels that we have a very serious problem. The loutish and filthy personal habits of many of these immigrants, he asserts, and their seeming lack of intelligence, are matters for our Government's consideration and action. Certainly the problem is, as Dr. Brent adds, quite as grave as that of the Japanese immigration question. The Japanese are far beyond these southern European immigrants, he believes, both in virility and decency.

#### Teaching Children to Play

Thirty-three organizations devoted to social work are backing a new movement in New York City to educate children to play. Representatives of the City Playgrounds League, the Municipal Recreation Bureau, the Women Lawyers' Club, the Civitas, the Brooklyn Women's Health Association, the Women's Municipal League, and

other clubs and societies, waited on Park Commissioner Stover the other day and solicited the city's aid in their undertaking. They proposed the employment of trained instructors selected through a rigid civil service examination to replace the present system of untrained attendants and the reorganization of the work along educational lines. Under their plan playground instruction would become a profession second in importance only to that of school-teaching. Indeed, the women and their co-workers contend that, since character is developed more on the playgrounds than in the school-room, the grounds instructors should be even better trained than teachers. They propose to include in the examinations for instructors technical papers on psychology, pedagogy, the writings of Froebel and Montessori, two authorities on kindergarten work; hygiene, games, dances, first aid, discipline, and practical tests in story-telling and game direction, and to require high school diplomas or equivalents, character certificates, and moral training experience of all applicants. There are more than 300 public playgrounds in New York City. With the exception of the grounds belonging to school buildings, and therefore under the direct control of the Board of Education, these are in charge of attendants of whom little or no training is required, and whose principal duties consist in guarding the playgrounds property and equipment and preserving a semblance of order among the children. In short, according to the club women, the present attendants are little more than police officers. The women say that the moral and mental welfare of 800,000 children is too much to intrust to such a "slipshod" system. If their plan is adopted by the authorities, the reformers propose to establish a normal school in the near future for training playground instructors. They hope to elevate the work to a plane where it would offer inducements to careful study and training—a life-work equipment—instead of providing temporary or vacation "jobs," as is now the case.

#### The Growth of the Junior Republic Idea

The public interest in the remarkable achievements of the George Junior Republic at Freeville, New York, has had a natural result in the forming of similar Junior Republics in other States and even abroad. We have already recorded the

growth and spread of the Junior Republic idea and its result in the formation of a National Association of Junior Republics. Mr. William R. George, who established the first George Junior Republic, is Director of the National Association, and is effectively carrying out the purpose of this Association to serve as a clearing-house and bureau of information and advice for all the new Republics, and in extending the work in many directions. At the annual meeting of the National Association, which was held a few weeks ago, it was decided that a beginning should be made at the Freeville Republic of the training of helpers to go out and start new Republics. It is hoped that it may be possible to launch two new Republics next fall, which would bring the total number of Junior Republics up to ten in this country. The problem of the training of adults to supervise the work is the most difficult with which the National Association is faced. The art of running a Junior Republic, says the National Secretary, Mr. Lyman Beecher Stowe, is not to run it at all, and this is a difficult art for most people to learn. Mention was made at the meeting of the fact that the English Junior Republic, which is known as the Little Commonwealth, was just being opened in Dorset on Flowers Farm, the estate given for the purpose by the Earl of Sandwich. Mr. Harold Large, who studied under Mr. George at Freeville, is the Superintendent while Mr. Lane, formerly Superintendent of the Ford Junior Republic of Michigan, is in charge of the educational work. The cottage for girl citizens was given by the Duchess of Marlborough, who is deeply interested in the work. It was also reported that a Junior Republic Association has just been organized in the State of Washington under the auspices of the Federation of Women's Clubs of that State. The Secretary also reported that the Baroness Aletta Korff, of Finland, a daughter of Admiral van Reyepen of our navy, was trying to arouse in her country sufficient interest to secure a Junior Republic there, and that she had published an article in Finnish with this purpose in view. Mr. Alexander Forbes reported that his brother, W. Cameron Forbes, Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, had applied the Junior Republic principles to the Penal Colony of the islands, with the result that it had become as orderly as any well-conducted village and was rapidly approaching a self-supporting basis. All these advances are encouraging

as well as picturesque illustrations of the spread of the idea.



## THE LIVING WAGE AND THE LIVING RATE

Recently certain railway men petitioned the Inter-State Commerce Commission to be allowed to raise rates. It is announced that the Inter-State Commerce Commission is to look into the case. This makes it opportune to say a word or two on the subject; for the ability of the honestly managed railways of the country to render good service to the public and to pay good wages to their employees ultimately depends upon there being a reasonable return to the honest investors, which means that the railways must possess a good earning power, which largely depends on the rates. The very big investor, like the very big shipper and the very high grade wage-worker, can usually get along somehow even under adverse conditions; but for the sake of the small or ordinary investor there is need of a living rate just as there is need of a living wage for the average workingman. The living wage and the living rate are interdependent.

There are railways which have been so foolishly or so corruptly organized and managed that it is impossible for investors in them to get adequate return for their investments; just as it would be impossible for them to do so if they had acted foolishly, or had been the victims of swindling, in connection with a dry goods store, or any other business enterprise. The public must not be expected to sacrifice its own interests and the interests of wage-workers in order to pay dividends on watered stock, or to secure promoters and managers against the consequences of their own folly. What I have to say does not concern railways of this stamp.

But it must be a cardinal principle in dealing with honestly built and wisely managed railways that the investor, the shareholder, is just as much entitled to protection as is the wage-worker, the shipper, or the representatives of the general public. Unless the investor finds that he is to get a fair return on his money, he will not invest, and in such case not only will no new railways be built but existing railways will not be able to repair the waste, the wear and tear, to which they are subject, and will not be able to make needed improvements. All governmental

action, whether by the legislature or the executive, should be conditioned upon keeping in view this fact.

By actual experience it has been found that it is unsafe to leave the wage-worker, the shipper, and the general public, and furthermore that it is unsafe to leave the small investor himself at the mercy of the big men who manage railways. But on certain points the interests of the big man and the small investor are identical. On certain other points the interests of both of them are identical with those of the wage-worker. On all points the only way of securing permanent justice to each class is by giving permanent justice to all classes. The public can be well served, and the wage-workers can be well paid, only if the railway is successful, that is, if there is such certainty of reasonable dividends as to make investors content, and therefore willing and desirous to invest in further developments and enterprises.

This is a sufficiently obvious fact, but it is a fact often in practice forgotten. In certain cases workmen's compensation laws and full crew bills are passed by legislatures at the same time that rates are reduced by commissions, or indeed sometimes by legislative enactment, until the property ceases to pay. Now a cardinal point made by all enlightened advocates of such laws as workmen's compensation and the like has always been that the burden is to be distributed through the corporation upon the public. Public Service Commissions are created for the very purpose of supervising, controlling, and regulating the activities of the railways so that they shall not only be obliged to treat their employees, the shareholders, and the general public fairly, but shall be guaranteed fair treatment themselves in return. Some railways are so remunerative that it is fair to reduce their rates at the same time that we increase their burdens. There are other railways as to which the only effective way to distribute the burden of payment for extra safety to employees and the public, and extra compensation to and care of the workers, is by rendering the service more remunerative; and this may of necessity mean raising rates. It is just as much the duty of the Commission to permit rates to be raised when the raise is justifiable as to require them to be lowered if the lowering is justifiable. The Commission is created precisely because this is the kind of work it can and ought to do, and the kind of work that no legislative body

could with wisdom perform. The Commission is no true servant of the public unless it unhesitatingly raises the rates when justice in the public interest requires such action, and unhesitatingly lowers the rates when this is the course which will ultimately best meet the public needs.

This is merely part of the general doctrine of administrative control of big corporations. The control should not be hostile to the corporation; it should merely be hostile to any misconduct on the part of the corporation, and it should protect the corporation against misconduct aimed at it exactly as it protects others from misconduct committed by it. Unless the corporation makes money—that is, unless business men are prosperous—there will be no money to give in proper wages for the wage-worker; there will be no money with which to provide for his protection and to insure him against loss and damage, and no money wherewith to render proper service to the customers and to the public as a whole. Whether the reward comes in the way of big salary to the big manager who makes the business a success, or of dividends to the big or small man who invests money in it, the principle is the same. Our purpose is to see that there is a proper division of prosperity. But there can be no division unless the prosperity is there to divide. One of the methods by which the prosperity will certainly be abolished is to draw the line against size and efficiency instead of against misconduct. Another way to destroy it is to impose burdens, however necessary and proper, without facing the fact that some one must pay for the burdens, and that if the investor cannot pay for them and at the same time get a reasonable return on his investment, then either the business will close or the public must share the burden with the investor.

In the concrete case before us it is for the Commission to determine with strict justice to all parties how the relative and often conflicting demands of the shareholders, the wage-workers, the shippers, and the general public can properly be met. I am not discussing—I have not the knowledge which would warrant my discussing—whether the rates should be raised. If the facts do not warrant a raise, then the raise should not be permitted; but if justice and the interest of our people as a whole demand a raise in rates, then that raise in rates should unhesitatingly be authorized.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

## CAN LABOR BE MONOPOLIZED?

When a man has nothing but himself—no money or other form of property—on which to depend for his livelihood and his family's, what can he do to improve his condition? He may be a skilled workman, well trained in his trade, a brave man, ready to face danger in the course of his duties, an industrious man, steady and trustworthy in his work; but alone he has very little chance to improve his lot. Are his wages unfairly low? What is he, that he should pit himself against a great corporation that itself is but a part of an enormously great industry? He is but one of thousands who are getting the same wages. Are the conditions under which he works unhealthy? What can he do to make them in even the least respect better? Are the hours of labor so long as to be exhausting? Is he not by himself absolutely helpless to change them by so much as a minute? Absolutely the only way in which he can help himself is by joining with others. A thousand men acting individually, under the conditions of modern industry, can make no impression; whereas the same thousand men acting together can do something for *the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering conditions of labor*. This is the justification for collective bargaining.

Any law which would prevent men from joining with one another for such purposes would put an end to the only means by which the manual laborer can ever practice effectively the art of self-help. With that means destroyed, the great body of wage-earners would be put into a position of dependence—a position repugnant to every self-respecting American. No body of Americans would long endure such serfdom. Such a law would therefore be a sure method of bringing on class warfare, and would give the greatest possible incentive to the wage-earners to segregate themselves politically, and seek through politics and through the extreme forms of political Socialism that which they were prevented from securing through voluntary social action. Is there such a law? It is seriously claimed that there is. It is the law against monopoly—or, as the Sherman anti-trust statute phrases it, against “restraint of trade.”

According to this view labor is an article of merchandise, a commodity, like oil or coal. If a body of men unite to secure

higher wages for their work, they are combining to raise the price of a commodity, and are subject to prosecution, as if they were oil dealers uniting to raise the price of oil, or coal dealers uniting to raise the price of coal.

Of course this view ignores the plain facts of life. Labor is not a commodity—it is one of the forms of activity of human life. The man who is paid for his labor is not selling a commodity, he is receiving the product of his own industry, he is getting back, at least in part, something of himself that he has put into the product of industry. And yet it appears that the courts have held otherwise, and that, according to the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, labor is a commodity. Bouvier's Law Dictionary (Rawle's Revision) defines monopoly as follows. We quote the main definition, without the encumbrance of legal references or immaterial explanations:

*Monopoly.* In Commercial Law. The abuse of free commerce by which one or more individuals have procured the advantage of selling alone all of a particular kind of merchandise, to the detriment of the public.

Any combination among merchants to raise the price of merchandise to the injury of the public.

An institution or allowance by a grant from the sovereign power of a State, by commission, letters-patent, or otherwise, to any person or corporation, by which the exclusive right of buying, selling, making, working, or using anything is given. Whereby any person or persons, bodies politic or corporate, are sought to be restrained of any freedom or liberty they had before, or hindered in their lawful trade. . . .

The act of Congress declaring illegal "every contract or combination in the form of a trust, or otherwise in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States or with foreign nations," applies to combinations of laborers as well as of capitalists.

If this view of the law were to be strictly enforced, there would be an end to all labor unions and to all co-operative effort on the part of wage-earners to improve their own condition. That this is plain appears from the recent action of a Grand Jury in West Virginia. That Grand Jury has brought an indictment against John P. White and others, who are members and officers of the United Mine Workers, charging that these men did "unlawfully, knowingly, corruptly, and feloniously engage in a combination and conspiracy in restraint of trade and commerce among the several States." There are four counts in the indictment, but they all amount to this: that these men undertook to organize and unionize the workers in the mines, so that they might regulate the wages of the

mine workers, and thus fix the price of coal to be mined. It is perfectly plain that if the effort to get better wages for labor by the united action of the laborers is evidence of trying to fix the price of the product of labor, then there is an end to all labor unions—an end, indeed, to all collective bargaining.

If that is the law, the law ought to be changed. As The Outlook has said, those who "regard labor as human beings in the mass, and labor organizations as organizations of men formed not to control a commodity but to control themselves, believe that the legal restraint of labor organizations should be on a different basis from the legal restraint of trusts. Both kinds of combination should be under governmental regulation, but as the one kind differs in character from the other, so the form of regulation applied to the one should be different from that applied to the other. There is no more class legislation in this than in treating tenements in a different way from one-family houses, or the inspection of food products in a different way from the inspection of school children. If the Anti-Trust Law, as interpreted by the courts, does treat both kinds of organizations alike, it ought, we believe, to be changed. . . ."

Congress apparently tried to change it—or pretended to try to change it—and failed. The reason why Congress failed was because it tried to do it in a roundabout, indirect manner, instead of adopting a direct amendment to the law. It said, in effect, The law will stand as it is; but we shall not provide money for its enforcement "in the prosecution of any organization or individual for entering into any combination or agreement having in view *the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the condition of labor* [the italics are ours], or for any act done in furtherance thereof not in itself unlawful." Congress further complicated matters by exempting farmers from prosecution for co-operating or organizing "to obtain and maintain a fair and reasonable price for their products." In brief, Congress tried to secure what in part at least is a desirable end (the amendment of the Anti-Trust Law so that it may not be used to break up labor organizations) by a bungling method.

It is altogether a wrong method to enact general legislation as a "rider" to an appropriation bill. It comes near to being legislative blackmail; for it is saying to the President, You must approve this general

legislation, for if you veto it you will put the treasury of the Government into peril.

It is also altogether a bad method of legislation to attempt in effect to amend a law by denying money for its enforcement.

It seems to us also very questionable to exclude farmers' organizations—even those formed to secure "fair and reasonable" prices for their *product*—from the operations of a law that showed apathy to *products* generally.

When, therefore, President Wilson declared the limitation in this provision unjustifiable in character and principle, we believe he was right, and we wish that, instead of signing this bill, he had done as President Taft did when the same provision confronted him—we wish he had vetoed the whole bill and placed upon Congress the responsibility for the failure of the general appropriations.

Then President Wilson might have told Congress that labor organizations ought not to be prosecuted as trusts; that the regulation of them should be very distinct from that which applies to combinations attempting to monopolize a commodity; that the Sherman Law ought to be frankly and openly amended after a plain and public debate; and that in this way Congress should expressly recognize the lawfulness of combinations and agreements "having in view the increasing of wages, the shortening of hours, or bettering the condition of labor."



## A POET OF THE I. W. W.

Within the staid brown covers of the June "Atlantic" there lurks a very unusual poem. We say "lurks" advisedly, for the poem is there purely on editorial sufferance. An explanatory note in the Contributors' Club makes this point very clear. We suspect, however, that even without this judicial warning few would have mistaken "The Cage" for an expression of the "Atlantic's" views upon the present social order. The remarkable poem of which we speak is the work of Arturo M. Giovannitti. Readers of The Outlook will remember the part played by this brilliant young Italian in the labor disturbances at Lawrence, Massachusetts. A quotation from the Contributors' Club may serve as a reminder of the author and of the occasion which brought forth this rhapsodic exposition of Syndicalism:

Arturo M. Giovannitti was born in the Abruzzi, Italy, in 1883. At eighteen Giovan-

nitti emigrated to America, and, after encountering many varied experiences of an immigrant in search of a livelihood, he entered the Union Theological Seminary in New York, with the purpose of becoming a minister of the Presbyterian Church. Although he never graduated, Giovannitti saw actual service in conducting Presbyterian missions in more than one city, and interested himself in the work of the Church, until socialism came to impersonate religion in his life and led him through the vanishing stages of unbelief into atheism.

During the Lawrence strike, Giovannitti preached with missionary intensity the doctrine of Syndicalism. On June 20, on the charge of inciting a riot, which resulted in the death of a woman, he was arrested with Joseph Ettor and another leader, and held without bail for trial under a statute which had not been invoked since the conscription riots of the Civil War. Through the unreadiness or policy of their lawyers the prisoners spent nearly seven months in jail. Then came the trial, which dragged on for nearly two months longer. During this period of enforced idleness, Giovannitti had access to a library. Before his imprisonment he had written poems for the Italian papers; now English poetry was revealed to him. . . . It was during the trial that W. D. Haywood, the notorious Syndicalist, asked Giovannitti to write something about "Sixteenth-Century courts trying to solve Twentieth-Century problems." "The Cage" was the result. It was written one evening while Giovannitti was still greatly moved by news of the protest strike in Lawrence, and by messages of sympathy from his fellow-citizens, who in three separate districts of Italy had nominated him for the Chamber of Deputies.

The poem itself appears at first glance to be cast in what is generally characterized as Whitmanesque form. On closer examination, however, only a typographical resemblance remains. The fundamental cadence of Giovannitti's stanzas differs widely from the surging movement which underlies the best work of the American poet. It is softer, more like the wind in the trees, less like the sound of Whitman's beloved ocean. The matter rather than the meter of this poem, however, is chiefly our concern. It is easier to pick flaws in Giovannitti's logic than in his "artistry." "Artistry" is perhaps too self-conscious a word to apply to so vital an expression of personal belief, but it will have to serve—even if Giovannitti resent it as an epithet bestowed according to standards of an obsolescent civilization.

Briefly characterized, "The Cage" is the voice of a man at war with history. So apart from the "current doctrines" does Giovannitti feel that he is able to bestow upon the civilization against which he rebels something of that pity and compassion which a

soldier feels for a wounded foe. In his introduction to Emile Pouget's "Sabotage," in fact, he goes so far as to suggest that a gallant capitalist should honor a syndicalistic saboteur, as Americans now honor Major André of Revolutionary fame. The poem is a sincere expression of the belief, not that there are certain definite evils which permeate the *whole* social fabric, but that Society itself is founded upon a perverted theory. Curiously enough, in condemning our civilization he adopts bodily one of civilization's most time-honored delusions—a delusion which, save as a poetic convention, has been long relegated to the realm of mythology. He pleads for a *return* to the "Golden Age" of labor. We recall the apt query made by a distinguished poet upon reading Josephine Preston Peabody's "Singing Man." "That is a very nice poem," he said; "but when did he live?"

The argument of "The Cage" is as follows: In a jail (symbolic of the injustice of the present social order) are seated three men. These three men speak for the spirit of labor. The scene is powerfully drawn:

"In the middle of the great greenish room stood the green iron cage.

All was old and cold and mournful, ancient with the double antiquity of heart and brain in the great greenish room.

Old and hoary was the man who sat upon the faldstool, upon the fireless and godless altar.

Old were the tomes that moldered behind him on the dusty shelves.

Old was the painting of an old man that hung above him.

Old the man upon his left, who awoke with his cracked voice the dead echoes of dead centuries; old the man upon his right who wielded a wand; and old all those who spoke to him and listened to him before and around the green iron cage.

"Senility, dullness and dissolution were all around the green iron cage, and nothing was new and young and alive in the great room, except the three men who were in the cage."

Outside the prison in which their bodies are immured, the world, of which they feel themselves a living part, moves on.

"All the good smells, the wholesome smells, the healthy smells of life and labor were outside the great room.

The smell of rain upon the grass and of the flowers consumed by their love for the stars.

The heavy smell of smoke that coiled out of myriads of chimneys of ships and factories and homes.

The dry smell of sawdust and the salty smell of the iron filings.

The smell of grains and hay and the smell of stables, the warm smell of cattle and sheep that Virgil loved.

The smell of milk and wine and plants and metals.

Yet all the sweetness of all the wholesome odors of the world outside were redolent in the breath of the three men in the cage."

From contemplation of the injustice of the law comes forth that insistent "Why" which has been for all ages the salutation of youth, the voice of both hope and of desperate unrest.

"Like crippled eagles fallen were the three men in the cage, and like little children who look into a well to behold the sky were the men that looked down upon them.

Strange it was to behold the men in the cage while life clamored outside, and strange it seemed to them that they should be there because of what dead men had written in old books.

So of naught did they think but of the old books and the green cage.

Thought they: All things are born, grow, decay, and die and are forgotten.

Surely all that is in this great room will pass away. But what will endure the longer, the folly that was written into the old books or the madness that was beaten into the bands of this cage?

Which of these two powers has enthralled us, the thought of dead men who wrote the old books, or the labor of living men who have wrought this cage?

Long and intently they thought, but they found no answer."

Then, in response to a cry from one of the men, the Spirit of the Cage replies:

"Iron, the twin brother of fire, the first born out of the matrix of the earth, the witness everlasting to the glory of thy labor, am I, O Man!

'Not for this was I meant, O Man! Not to imprison thee, but to set thee free and sustain thee in thy strife and in thy toil.

'Hadst thou not sinned against the nobility of my nature and my destiny, hadst thou not humiliated me, an almighty warrior, to become the lackey of gold, I would never have risen against thee and enthralled thee, O Man!

'While I was hoe and plowshare and sword and ax and scythe and hammer, I was the first artificer of thy happiness; but the day I was beaten into the first lock and the first key, I became fetters and chains to thy hands and thy feet, O Man!

'O Man! bring me back into the old smithy, purify me again with the holy fire of the forge, lay me again on the mother breast

of the anvil, beat me again with the old honest hammer—O Man! remold me with thy wonderful hands into an instrument of thy toil."

At this instant a graybeard

"in the silent assembly of old men that were around the iron cage . . . arose, and addressing himself said:—  
'I will prove to you that these three men in the cage are criminals and murderers and that they ought to be put to death.'"

As the "Atlantic" points out,

It was the law which freed Giovanitti. This law, read by "dead men" out of "dead books," had in it the spark of the eternal life of justice.

As the "Atlantic" might also have pointed out, within this same "iron cage," before this bar of "dead men," interpreting a dead law out of dead books, the mill-owner against whom Giovanitti and his co-workers were striking was later to be brought, charged with the crime of "planting" dynamite for the purpose of discrediting the I. W. W. Save to a man who regards all capitalists as lineal descendants or full partners of Carlyle's Plugson, of Plugson, Hunks and Company, in St. Dolly Under-shot, it appears that William Wood has as much reason to quarrel with the fundamental principles of the law as Arturo M. Giovanitti. Both have been charged with crimes which they did not commit, and both have been acquitted. The quarrel of Giovanitti should be (according to *our* recognized standards), not with the law itself, but with the administration of the law. There are many men and women heartily out of sympathy with the conduct of the police in Lawrence and Paterson who are nevertheless equally at odds with the ambitions of Giovanitti and the I. W. W. Yet to argue this point with those who decline to recognize the present order save as a belligerent is a very futile waste of breath. A clearer understanding of the purpose and ideals of the Industrial Workers of the World can be gained from this poem than from any number of prose comments upon this revolutionary organization. Even those who, after reading this poem, are still inclined to believe that the I. W. W. has purposes enough, but no ideals, will be forced to admit that it has inspired at least one true poet. "The Cage" is the most significant poem which has appeared in the "Atlantic" since the publication of William Vaughn Moody's "Ode in Time of Hesitation."

## THE PROMISE OF AMERICAN COLLEGE ATHLETICS

At the deciding baseball game between Harvard and Yale, which was played at Brooklyn on June 21, Harvard was leading by one run when the Yale nine made two runs, putting Harvard to the rear, and then, for good measure, added to the tally one run more. Thereupon the Yale stand broke into song, ending their refrain with a mournful, sympathetic cadence to the words, "O poor Harvard!" The response from the Harvard stand was immediate—a response of laughter and applause.

An insignificant incident? Not at all. To one who remembers the spirit of intercollegiate athletics of twenty-five years ago, that incident is full of significance. Then athletic emulation meant hostility, rivalry meant bitterness, opposition meant enmity. To-day emulation is, if anything, more strenuous, rivalry keener, opposition even more determined and tense. It is doubtful whether, in the long history of baseball contests between Yale and Harvard, there has ever been any series of games so filled with dramatic situations as the series played this year, or any game that has kept the spectator so continually in a state of suspense as either the second or the final game of this year's series. It is not that there is any less rivalry; but out of the rivalry has apparently gone, for good and all, we hope, the spirit of animosity.

Years ago on the Thames at New London the Harvard crew was as far as possible kept hidden from the inquisitive eyes of Yale, and the Yale crew from the inquisitive eyes of Harvard. Representatives of each college practiced themselves, and accused the representatives of the other of practicing, the furtive acts of the spy. This year each crew, we believe, by invitation followed in a launch the other on a trial row. It is true that football is still practiced in secret, inasmuch as football is a contest, not only of skill and strength, but also of strategic formations; but it is not credible that the undergraduate body of any reputable college would countenance an attempt by spying methods to discover the strategic formations or the signal code of a rival. Football is thus not at all an exception. In the past two decades the whole face of inter-university athletics in America has changed.

Undoubtedly there are colleges and universities where the old spirit of savage warfare

still hovers over the ball field. They are colleges where good tradition has had no chance for growth. Some of these colleges draw their students from among people who have not as yet acquired that power to make distinctions that differentiates the person of good breeding from the hoodlum. One of these distinctions is that between the amateur and the professional. This is not of itself a moral distinction at all. The professional athlete is as worthy of respect as the amateur. Indeed, there are many professionals who are better sportsmen, much better, than many amateurs. It does, however, take some degree of intelligence and moral sense to recognize the fact that it is unfair for the professional athlete to play as an amateur—more intelligence and moral sense than some undergraduates, and even some college instructors, have as yet attained.

The history of college and university athletics in this country seems to indicate that the chief evils (and they have been great evils) as well as the smaller evils of athletics are the product of inexperience, immaturity, crudity. As the years pass, these evils are disappearing. They seem to have disappeared most rapidly in those colleges and universities which have had the benefit of mellowing age and the good counsel of mature alumni.

No college or university need wait, however, for age—with its growing host of wise-headed graduates—in order to secure the fine traditions that make athletics one of the durable moral influences over youth. There is a permanent body, supposedly mature, wise, and level-headed, in every such institution that can provide—we had almost said create out of hand—such traditions. We refer of course to the faculty. If that teaching and governing body is composed of red-blooded men who understand the younger spirits over whom they are placed in authority, there is no reason whatever why American college athletics may not be almost wholly freed from such evils as still do something to blight some college athletic contests.

Too often the attitude of the college faculty toward college athletics has been an alternation between indifference, hostility, and indulgence. Too often has it taken the form of issuing rules and regulations; too seldom has it involved the participation of the members of the faculty in athletics. Such participation does not mean loss of authority. Indeed, there can be no really effective authority over athletics without participation in them. One

reason why university athletics in England has been kept clean by fine traditions is that the permanence of those traditions is insured by the college dons. In England, to an extent not yet familiar in this country, it is regarded as natural that the same man should be scholar and athlete. That this is so is due in some degree to the part which the college don takes in athletics.

A particularly gratifying instance of what may be done in this direction in this country has been afforded by Princeton. In 1905, J. Duncan Spaeth went to Princeton University as Preceptor in English Literature. We are going to let a Princeton man tell our readers about Dr. Spaeth, who was his teacher in English. Says Mr. Thomas M. Woodward, writing to *The Outlook*:

"Few men so vitalized their subject, so gave flesh and blood to the dry bones of ideas, as he in his classes; philosophy was as much his field as literature; books he made live, and many a fellow who had never done any thinking left our English preceptorial hours with an acquired use for his brain. Always an athlete, having rowed on his varsity crew and played on his varsity football team at the University of Pennsylvania, he recognized the value of athletics in college life; and when, through the gift of Mr. Carnegie of the charming lake, rowing as a sport was made possible at Princeton, Dr. Spaeth saw the opportunity of putting that sport on its proper basis, of 'making' the traditions of that form of college athletics, and preventing the evils of professionalism, hysteria, and extravagance from developing in aquatics, which have so tainted and commercialized the two major intercollegiate sports. Here was a chance, said Dr. Spaeth, for the Faculty to exercise sane supervision of an undergraduate activity; he volunteered his time, busy though he already was with his teaching, and spent a couple of hours a day during the season on Carnegie Lake coaching that group of undergraduates who were interested in rowing and shared his ideas. Following his ideas, he let all men who put in appearance at the boatshed have opportunity to row, not confining his efforts to a few men who would constitute the 'crew' to the exclusion of the second-rate men; he communicated his somewhat boyish enthusiasm to his rowing men.

"As far as possible Dr. Spaeth tried to get rid of the claptrap of college athletics—training-tables were reduced to a minimum,

no expensive trips were taken by his crews, no extravagant hotel bills contracted—it was he who insisted that visiting crews could be entertained in the dormitories of the host; his crews rowed races to win—whoever says that a sport can be a good one whose object is not to win knows not human nature—but they did not weep bitter tears if they lost, and realized after all that it was only a game.

“These ideas of Dr. Spaeth’s have embodied themselves in a short time. The rowing men at Princeton in scholarship show a higher standard than those in the other major branches of college athletics. It would be difficult to find such a well-built, clean-limbed, clear-eyed, forcible body of undergraduates, who are still boys, and not ‘professional’ athletes. The fact that Dr. Spaeth has not been a paid coach, but an interested sportsman, has made the relationship between ‘coach’ and crew closer—and, too, ideas other than rowing may be communicated in places other than class-rooms. This association of professor and student has had its visible effect on the ‘athletes.’”

The Outlook is not often glad when it makes a mistake; but it cannot be exactly sorry for the mistake it made which called forth this letter of Mr. Woodward’s. Inadvertently (we knew better) we had said that Mr. Spaeth “came to Princeton as the instructor in rowing.” That error has helped us to be reconciled with our own fallibility, because it has brought us also a letter from Dr. Henry van Dyke, who writes:

“We are proud of our crew, not chiefly for winning a race, but because they really represent the growth of a wider interest, a healthy, all-round interest, in aquatic sports among Princeton students, and Princeton teachers too.

“For here is the real point of the successful development of rowing at Princeton. . . .

“Dr. Spaeth has earned a full professorship. He does his work in athletics purely ‘for love of the game,’ not for pay—except what he gets in seeing the men grow and in having a good time with them.

“This is rather remarkable, and I think it is altogether fine. It is an illustration of the ideal in college life—a community of interest between teachers and students in the development of intelligent and competent manhood.”

The past season of college athletics has furnished other instances of the part that the

members of a college faculty may take in the creation of high athletic traditions besides that which has been pointed out by Mr. Woodward and Dr. van Dyke. And as such instances multiply, the value of college athletics will become more and more apparent. If in future years public life in America becomes cleaner, business life more honest, professional life more elevated, it will, in part at least, be due to the training in self-control and idealism furnished by clean athletics in our colleges.



## LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

Last week I published a letter from a minister asking me the four following questions:

What ought I to read?

What ought I to preach?

Where ought I to go?

What ought I to do?

I answered the first of these questions and reserved my answer to the other three.

What ought I to preach? Preach the Gospel; that is, preach glad tidings. This may seem a truism, yet I am persuaded that ministers are often ineffective because they do not preach glad tidings. Let me illustrate:

The doctrine that men are sinners is not the Gospel and is not any part of the Gospel. To tell a school-boy that he has done wrong is not news to him. To tell him that he has been detected in his wrong-doing certainly is not good news. It may be necessary, and it sometimes is, to convince men that they have done wrong and that their wrong-doing is known by their heavenly Father. This may be necessary in order to prepare them to listen to the Gospel, but it is not itself the Gospel nor any part of the Gospel.

To tell men that their sin has found them out and that they will be punished for their sin if they do not repent is not the Gospel, and is not any part of the Gospel. To tell the criminal that he has been detected and is to be sent to prison as a punishment for his crime is not good news. He does not welcome it. It may be necessary, and sometimes is, to preach the law of God and to warn men that they cannot violate that law with impunity. If so, it is necessary as a preparation for the Gospel, not as a substitute for the Gospel.

The Gospel is glad tidings. It is the message that there is a divine cure for human sinfulness. It is the message of faith and

hope and love. It is the message which Jesus gave to the woman taken in adultery, when he said to her, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." It is the message which Jesus gave to the penitent thief who hung on the cross by his side, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." It is the message of Jesus Christ to Peter after his great denial, "Lovest thou me? Then feed my sheep." It is the message which F. W. Faber has interpreted in beautiful verse:

"There's a wideness in God's mercy  
Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a kindness in His justice  
Which is more than liberty."

Ought not men to be taught that they have sinned against their heavenly Father and are no more worthy to be called his sons? Yes. But the reader will remember that the prodigal son learned this lesson not from the preacher but from life. When he had learned it and came back to his father, with the request in his heart, "Make me as one of thy hired servants," the father would not even wait until that request was preferred to him, but stopped him with the glad tidings, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet. My son was lost, and is found; he was dead, and is alive again." Denunciation of wrongdoing is not the best method to teach men that they have done wrong. On the contrary, it generally puts them on their defense against the minister who assumes the functions of prosecuting attorney before the throne of God. The best way is to put before them the life and character of Jesus Christ, and let them make their own comparisons.

Most of the men and women in our Christian congregations show by their very presence in the church that they have at least some latent consciousness that their lives are not perfect, some latent desire to live better lives. The message that they need is the message of faith and hope and love; a message of faith that will enable them to perceive a higher life than theirs; a message of hope that will make them believe that such a life is possible for them; and a message of love, the message that the Father will give them help to realize that hope in their own lives. Faith and hope and love are more potent motives than fear, and that preacher best succeeds in the ministry who is best able to find somewhere in the heart of his hearer the unconscious desire for the worthier life which very few, if any, are without, and then

is able by the message of God's love through Jesus Christ to kindle that desire into a hopeful purpose.

The answer to the other two questions is simple.

Where ought I to go? Wherever the best opportunity is afforded you to preach this glad tidings to those who most need it.

What ought I to do? So live that your own life will be a message of glad tidings; so live as to make your life a witness that it is possible for man to possess the spirit and practice the precepts of our Master; so live that your life will say to your congregation what Paul said to the Corinthian Christians, "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ."

LYMAN ABBOTT.

## INTERNATIONAL GOOD MANNERS

There is a pleasant tale of an American girl to whom an Englishman had been relating an experience with an underbred American official, and who ended his story by the remark: "It must be very unpleasant to live in a country governed by people whom you cannot ask to dine with you." "It is," was the prompt reply; "but it must be more unpleasant to live in a country governed by people who will not ask you to dine with them."

No country has a monopoly of good manners. Lowell was once complimented by a lady of great position in London on the charm of his manners, which, she intimated, was surprising in an American. The Ambassador made a very low bow and said: "Lady Blank, you forget how favorably I have been exposed. I have spent a great deal of time in England." Whether the irony was understood is doubtful. An observer who had had unusual opportunities of knowing social England once said that the best and the worst manners in the world are to be found in the highest circles of English society. Good manners are not the possession of any class or country.

Our Government means to be just and is often generous; our treatment of Cuba was a fine illustration of disinterested National action, though there were those who thought that Spain was treated with scant courtesy after the feeling of the country had been stirred by the destruction of the Maine. One of the painful aspects of the recent anti-Japanese legislation in California was its departure from the policy of generous con-

sideration which had become traditional in our dealings with Japan. Courtesy is even more important in international than in personal relations, for nations are as sensitive as persons and more easily and swiftly moved into passionate resentment, especially at a time when sensational newspapers utilize passion and hate for business purposes.

In the early stages of their revolt against superstition the Puritans destroyed many beautiful things because they identified art with the evils against which they protested. There are many ardent believers in popular government who think good manners a survival of governmental or social oppression, and who look upon a rude disregard of the courtesies of life as an evidence of the American spirit. This democratic "chip" is on many shoulders, and there are parts of the country where native kindness of heart is concealed by a rudeness which is in reality a caricature of real independence of spirit. Some American public men make it a point to prove their democracy by truculence of speech when international questions arise. They illustrate the early semi-barbaric patriotism which was not so much love of country as hatred of other countries.

There are members of the United States Senate whose sole idea of a treaty is an agreement by the terms of which we get everything and give nothing in return; who speak and act as if any consideration for the interests of a foreign country and any courtesy shown it were evidences of weakness. Statesmen of this type are always for "strong measures," for an uncompromising defense of American interests. Of course there is a great deal of politics in this attitude. There is a constituency for the yellow press which is always and instantly for war, or there would be no yellow press. In Japan the traditional method of attacking the Ministry of the hour is by valiant criticism of the policy of the Foreign Office. The Minister of Foreign Affairs may be pursuing the wisest possible policy, perhaps the only possible policy; but he is denounced for not pursuing a "strong policy" by critics with no alternative policy.

In this country, under a different system, it is sometimes possible to embarrass the Administration by opposing arbitration and defeating treaties; but truculence of manner towards other countries is more often used as a simple means of gaining a few votes or holding the center of the stage for a few minutes. Most of these ebullitions of ani-

mosity, these unmannerly defenses of so-called American interests, would be harmless if they were not taken seriously. When a Senator of Irish extraction gives expression to his hatred of the Saxon on the floor of the Senate, the country is amused or irritated by the assumption that American sentiment is being expressed by a man who has not yet learned that the emigrant from the Old World is expected to leave his hereditary race animosities at Ellis Island; but his flowing periods are likely to be mistaken, on the other side of the ocean, as significant of National feeling. When Mr. Sesson, in a time of peace, makes a thundering declaration of American determination to protect its rights, he furnishes easy material for the newspaper humorists, and no harm would be done except the wasting of time which is supposed to belong to the public, if his words were not cabled to Tokyo and taken at their face value.

The Outlook has commented more than once on the very unpleasant position in which this country now stands in its relations with four foreign nations. In the case of Japan it was not so much what was done as the way in which it was done that stirred the spirit of a sensitive people; as we should have been stirred if Germany, for instance, had given us the same ground for protest against lack of consideration. There is danger that the blunder of bad manners made by a State, or by some representatives of the people in a State, may be repeated by the Nation in its relations with other nations, and the remarks of a very able Secretary of State ought to be read by all Americans. In a recent speech Senator Root said:

We hear much of peace to-day, but let me tell you that the peace of the world is maintained by the great Governments of the world. It is not the Governments, but the peoples, from whom the danger of war comes to-day, and will always come so long as they fail to exercise proper self-restraint and the courtesy that the peace of the world demands.

We in America must learn that we cannot continue a policy of peace with insult. We must learn civility. We must learn that when an American sovereign speaks of the affairs of a foreign nation he must observe those rules of courtesy by which alone the peace of the world can be maintained.

Americans, we believe, do wish to observe the rules of courtesy; and breaches of courtesy are becoming less and less typical, more and more to be regarded as merely outbursts on the part of some unruly member of the family.

# THE BUSINESS OF BEING A MAN

BY THOMAS DREIER

Mr. Dreier is one of the well-known advertising men of the country, and is the representative in the advertising field of a large number of business houses in Massachusetts. He is the editor of "Associated Advertising," which is the monthly official organ of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, whose Convention in Baltimore was recently reported in The Outlook. One of the features of that Convention was the preaching on Sunday morning, which began the Convention week, of twenty-nine lay sermons in twenty-nine different churches of the city of Baltimore. Mr. Dreier was one of the lay preachers, and this is the sermon he preached.—THE EDITORS.

I AM going to talk to you this morning about the biggest business. Not the biggest business in your city, nor the biggest business in your State, but the biggest business in the world. "The greatest enterprise in the world for splendor, for extent," says Emerson, "is the upbuilding of a man." And it is of the business of building men that I wish to speak. Creative passion can manifest itself in no higher way than in the manufacturing of men whose business it is to express themselves completely in service to their neighbors. "Tell me," said an inquisitive reporter to P. D. Armour, "what are the three chief causes of your success?" And the great meat master answered, "The first is men; the second is *Men*; and the third is MEN."

The greatest manufacturing plant is the home. Its business is to produce for the world the most precious product in the universe—the bodies and brains of men and women. Men may speak of the greatness of railways and steamship lines, of factories and buildings of steel, of mines and farms, of schools and churches, of canals that connect the oceans, and of irrigation projects which reclaim the deserts from the dominion of the sun. But the home looms above all these like a giant above the shoulders of a child. It is for the home, in fact, that all these exist. The home is the beginning and the end of a great magic circle. Out from it come men and women whose one object in life, if they wish to be truly successful, is to express themselves in some service which will help the home become more efficient.

More than three hundred years before Christ there lived a man by the name of Aristotle—a thinker, a teacher, and an efficiency engineer whose equal in our times remains undiscovered. You will remember him as the teacher of Alexander, the son of Philip of Macedon, the man who is best known to us as the one who cried because,

he could find no more worlds to conquer. Surely this man who was wise enough to teach Alexander how to become the master of his age must have some suggestions which will help us in our work. Aristotle, like all philosophers, tells us that all men are seeking happiness—that the goal of all men and women is the same. And he tells us, too, that perfect happiness can be found only in the fullest expression of self in service to society. Christ, too, taught us the same great lesson. His crucifixion, which to so many is looked upon as a crime most horrible, is to me the most beautiful of all symbols. I have sometimes thought that Christ preached his greatest sermon when he washed the feet of his disciples. But now I see clearly that his greatest lesson was taught us when, on the cross, he experienced the joys of self-abandonment in doing the work he most loved to do. The male bee which fertilizes his queen, and disembowels himself in the act, teaches us the same great lesson—the lesson of expressing all one's creative power in the service for which one was created.

Aristotle not only tells us that to find happiness we must express ourselves completely in service to society, but, like a wise teacher, gives us three master rules which we must obey.

First: We must have a definite goal—a clearly seen objective point. We must know what we want to do with our physical, mental, and moral power.

Second: We must have the materials needed to achieve our ends. We must have food, clothing, shelter, education, friends, money, and all other things needed for our purpose.

Third: We must adjust our means to our ends. We must use what we have to get what we need.

Robinson Crusoe was a very wise man. The pages of literature tell us that he was,

one of the greatest of teachers, the greatest of preachers, the greatest of philosophers. Robinson Crusoe taught us, and still teaches us, a lesson that no man who would achieve success, who would have complete happiness, dare leave unremembered. When he was thrown up on the shores of that lonely island, a few shreds of clothing clinging to his body, a few pieces of wreckage strewn the beach—what did he do? *He used what he had to get what he needed.* Of the materials at hand he built a raft upon which he brought to shore load after load from the battered old hulk. He might have flung himself face downward on the sand, cursed his Creator, and starved to death. But, because he had an ideal, because he had a definite goal, because he knew what he wanted, and adjusted his means to his end—used what he had to get what he needed—he lived. To save his life—the first ideal of all men and all women—was his first great thought. Later, when the torture squad of savages came ashore with a prisoner, his ideal became higher, and he expressed himself in service which brought him a neighbor—his man Friday. And because he saved himself, and because he saved Friday, he was able to act as chairman of the reception committee to welcome the crew of the big ship that carried him back to civilization.

I should also like to tell you the story of Jones—the story of one of the biggest men who will attend this Convention—the story of Milo C. Jones, of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. They tell us of the housemaid who went singing about her work, and when asked why she was so happy she replied that she was sweeping the floor to the glory of God. If you asked Jones to tell you why he is a great man, he would grunt a very grumpy grunt at you and enter a general denial of the charge. But I, who know him and the work he has done, can tell you that Jones is a great man because he made sausage for his neighbors to the glory of God, and has always used what he had to get what he needed in order that he might express himself in greater service to his fellows.

Thirty years ago Jones was a physical giant, able to hold his own in any test where agility and strength were needed. He could run, jump, play baseball, thump a piano, and was able to pass with high honors the entrance examination to West Point. He wanted to become an engineer. So, just to pass the waiting months away and keep his mind fitted

with a razor edge, he took special work in the local school, met THE girl, who was a teacher there, married her the following year—and the West Point dream slipped away into the land of unborn things. And Jones, in addition to his farm work, did surveying for the neighbors. One day, when ten miles from home, he waded in an icy stream, neglected to change his socks—and the next morning his toes tingled. The morning after his limbs were stiff. On the third Jones was flat on his back—and he remained there for nearly seven years.

His life was changed. His body was gone. He could do none of the work for which he had been trained. Like Robinson Crusoe, he was on a desert island. And he, like Robinson, used what he had to get what he needed. His body was tortured and twisted by rheumatism. But his brain was active. They say that a man is worth a dollar and a half from his neck down, but that he may be worth any amount from his neck upward. Jones had and has a million-dollar brain. The first thing he did was to discover his resources. His family needed to live. Money was wanted. "To get money or anything else," said Jones, "we must supply some great human need, and fill that need better than any one else." His parents had made sausage after a special recipe for themselves. The neighbors, to whom the Joneses had given generously, also liked it. "Let us make sausage," said Jones—"make it for our neighbors, but sell it instead of giving it away." And they did. And now Jones finds his neighbors scattered all over the country, and his output is away over five hundred thousand dollars a season. Success came to Jones because he was a man of brains, with grit, with determination, and because he used what he had to render satisfactory service to his neighbors.

The Associated Advertising Clubs of America have been organized for the sole purpose of creating, assembling, and distributing those ideas which will help individuals and institutions grow more efficient in rendering service to society. To build men is their first great task. The ideal which governs me as editor of "Associated Advertising" is to offer to our readers those ideas, those suggestions, that information which will enable them to express themselves more efficiently and more completely in work that contributes to the growth of homes—homes from which healthy, enduring, self-reliant, service-rendering men and women will go forth. We have welded

these men into clubs so that they may help one another, and in order that the club, as an institution, may react upon its community and raise its standards of service. We are showing men that it is better to be a large star in a constellation than a larger star shining alone. We are driving home the thought expressed in Kipling's wisdom-packed poem :

"Now this is the Law of the Jungle, as old and as true as the sky;  
And the wolf that shall keep it may prosper,  
but the wolf that shall break it must die.  
As the Creeper that circles the tree-trunk, so  
the Law runneth forward and back;  
For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and  
the strength of the Wolf is the Pack."

We are trying to show our members that they are not dependent, nor are they independent, but that we are all interdependent. We are proving to them that, as Edward Howard Griggs loves to say, a high ideal is the most practical thing in the world. We are showing that every thought, every word, and every act sent by them into the world either adds to or subtracts from the happiness therein—that we are all united so closely that one of us cannot so much as speak without affecting, to some degree, all mankind. Maeterlinck puts it most beautifully where he speaks of the old man, sitting quietly in his study, whose winking eyelids affect the movements of a distant star.

The biggest business, I said, is the business of building men. Men have three kinds of power. They have physical, mental, and spiritual power. They come into the world with ideals, as the result of an ideal. The two great fundamental laws of life are—

First: The Law of Self-Preservation.

Second: The Law of Self-Perpetuation.

It is because of obedience to this second law that the child comes into the world—the result of its parents' desire to perpetuate themselves. Sent into the world at the command of a great law, it finds itself rendering instinctive obedience to another great law. It finds itself with an instinctive ideal. It wishes to live. And it immediately demands an income—an income that it buys. Its first demand is for a supply of air, and that supply it purchases with a cry. So long as this income and this output balance, other things being equal, the child will live. When it ceases to receive the income it needs, or when it ceases to send forth the proper output, it dies.

It wills to live. Its parents also wish it to live. To live it must have food. It finds

that at its mother's breast. And, as you know, other things being equal, the mother's milk adjusts itself to the needs of the growing child—thus following the rules laid down by Aristotle to adjust the means to the desired end. If its mother cannot supply the food it needs, science must be called in to aid. And always the food must be adjusted to the needs of the child.

A growing body demands two things—nourishing food and proper exercise. The boy of ten needs more food than the baby because he exercises more. The more he eats the more he must exercise, and the more he exercises the more he will eat. Any father who has had to pay the bills knows the truth of this. The youth of twenty demands more than the boy of ten, while the business man of forty demands food whose quantity and quality will best enable him to do his work most efficiently. No matter how much nourishing food a man may eat, if he does not exercise properly he will die. Our muscles are developed only through eating nourishing food and taking proper exercise.

Thousands of advertising men are engaged daily in telling us of the things we need to make our bodies powerful. The man who tells us of nourishing food for the body is every bit as holy a man as he who preaches a sermon to feed our minds and souls. The manufacturer whose institution is engaged in supplying the physical needs of his neighbors, and his advertising man who tells those neighbors of those goods, are true ministers. They are, indeed, servants of the Most High.

Men have mental as well as physical power. The quality and quantity of this power depend upon the mental food and the mental exercise men take. Ideas are food. We eat them; we digest them; we assimilate them. The ideas we feed our minds are the ideas that express themselves in speech and action. Nourishing mental food and proper mental exercise develop the mental muscles, just as nourishing physical food and proper physical exercise develop the physical muscles. We are telling the members of our Association that the ideas they need to feed their minds may be found in three great fields:

First—in their work—in the tasks they perform daily. Here experience, their own experience, teaches them what they should do in order to develop greater mental power; to express themselves more efficiently in

serving themselves, their employers, and society.

Second—in society—in association with other men and women. By listening to others they learn from them what they have discovered in their work. They believe with Emerson that “Every man is my master in at least one thing, and in that I hope to learn of him.”

Third—in books, magazines, newspapers, courses of study—wherever the experiences of others have been crystallized into sentences and printed for the use of men.

In obedience to the same great command, men seek to grow mentally as well as physically. It is happiness they seek, and happiness is found only in self-expression. The greatest crime against self, against society, and against God is the crime of self-repression. And the greatest good any man can do is to express himself completely in service to his fellows. From the beginnings of time men have asked the great question, What shall I do to be saved? They have wanted to know what to do in order that they might enter into the kingdom of heaven—in order that they might know happiness. Christ told us what to do in his crucifixion. The male bee teaches us the lesson of self-abandonment. Happiness is found, success is discovered, heaven is entered, only when we do what we most love to do—when we love one kind of work so much that we are willing to express all our physical, all our mental, and all our spiritual power in its service. Great love is the result of great giving and great receiving. A man, under ideal conditions, marries a woman he loves with all his body and spirit. And he loves her because with her he is complete. With her he knows happiness, without her he knows the secrets of the depths of hell. The great advertising man is the one who is in advertising work because it gives him the joys of self-expression and because in that field he finds the ideas he needs for the nourishment of his mind.

The wise advertising man demands quality rather than quantity friends. He wants cream and not skim-milk. And that is why, generally speaking, he joins an advertising club. In this club he will find men who, like himself, are seeking all that will minister to their growth—all that will help them become more efficient in their work. In choosing our friends judgment is needed—that judgment which will enable us to see the

true worth of men. I know of no story that so well illustrates this kind of judgment as that of the Eastern potentate who left his vast estates to his favorite slave, Yusef. His will, however, provided that each of his four sons could select some one thing of value, to hold until the end, *with all pertaining thereto*. The eldest chose the royal palace; the third asked for the famous hanging gardens; the second took the wonderful peacock throne, bestudded with precious stones. And all of them wailed because the great bulk of the estate, in spite of what they had taken from it, was going to Yusef, the slave. It came the turn of the youngest son, a mere stripling. Turning to the officials, he said, “I choose Yusef, the slave.” As we choose friends who are mentally and morally rich, so must we choose our books and our periodicals. We would not expect to find nourishing physical food in a garbage can or a cesspool, so we cannot expect to find nourishing mental food in men who have made cesspools of their minds. Nor can we find ideas that will enrich and enable us to do better work in books and magazines of the garbage family.

All our lives we are kneeling in confessionals. Every word we speak, every act we perform, is advertising to our neighbors what manner of men we are. All advertisements, in the last analysis, are truthful advertisements—even the so-called lying ones. A lying advertisement tells us, when we recognize it, that the man who wrote it and the house that sent it forth are liars. No man can put into his work what is not in him, and the man who fills his mind with rich ideas and fails to send them forth is a fool, and he will find his way into the hell of discontent caused by self-repression. You remember the character in Ibsen’s play, “Rosmersholm,” who all his life had been storing his mind with the riches of the ages, and never gave anything forth. At length, stirred by some sudden desire, he tried to give to the people of his city of his wealth of wisdom. He stood before them—mute. He had nothing to give. “It was as if,” he said later, “I had been all my life storing rare things in chests—never giving anything away—and when I wished to give I found that moths and rust had entered in and destroyed all.” Our life is a receiving and a giving, and the balance, if we would know happiness, must be held even.

Our wise advertising men know that a strong body and a mind stored with the

wisdom of Solomon are useless unless vitalized by emotion. Without emotion there can be no action. I have in my home some electric cooking devices—a toaster, a coffee percolator, and a teakettle. I also have electric lamps. These are all perfect physical and intellectual contrivances. I can place them all on the table, fit wires properly to their sockets, but, perfect as they are in every respect, nothing happens until a switch is turned which allows the electric current—an undefinable, invisible thing—to enter their resistance coils. Then—wonder of wonders!—the same current that toasts my bread in one device lights my room by means of another, and with the third sends a fountain of water against the glass dome of my coffee percolator.

Let me close with a bit of self-confession. I find that I must *believe* in something greater than I *know*. I find that I must have faith in myself, faith in the world's need of me, faith in my work—and a greater faith than these. Without faith I cannot be an efficient advertising man. Without faith I cannot be a good business man, farmer, writer, teacher, mechanic, or lover. I must believe that I am unique—that there is nowhere in the world

another man like me; that there is work which I alone can do; that I have been created to render one kind of service; that this service is discovered to me by my love for self-expression along certain definite channels; that you, too, are unique; that you, too, are needed, and that we need each other and all our neighbors and all things and all institutions.

Since we must believe these things—since we must have faith—why not have the greatest faith it is possible to have? Why not believe that back of this little world, which is but as a grain of sand in the universe, is a Great Executive who is All-Wise, All-Just, All-Loving, who permits no waste to exist in his institution, who is directing all of us in his service, and to whom there are no useless men nor useless institutions? I believe that the Associated Advertising Clubs are divine institutions; that advertising men are servants of the Great Executive: that there are no useless thoughts, no useless words, no useless acts, and no useless institutions anywhere in his world—and that we are all doing his work, in his way, in his time. That, my friends, is the belief of an advertising man—that is my faith.

## GOING THROUGH THE NEWSPAPER MILL

BY ROY S. DURSTINE

EVERY year a series of statistics is made up from the senior classes of our colleges and universities. Upon the blanks which are filled out there is one space reserved for the question, "Life work?" A considerable number of the answers every year are, "Journalism."

Before we had our schools of journalism this answer meant one of two resolutions. If the young man was a person of means, it meant retiring into picturesque obscurity from which he could emerge from time to time with a certain glamour about him, while he sharpened his talents and polished his technique over against the relinquishment of the caterpillar stage.

If, on the other hand, it was necessary for him to be remunerated while he was learning his trade, and if he had a dim idea that somehow he would be enriched by contact

with many sorts of persons, he went into newspaper work. Perhaps even with the schools that now exist a considerable majority will still continue to follow this plan.

Presently, if he went to work on a morning paper in New York, as scores of boys have done in the past dozen years, he would hear his friends say:

"It must be such an interesting life! You meet so many interesting people!"

But of what his work actually made him do, except inconsiderately break dinner engagements, they had no idea.

Suppose we follow a concrete case. These are some of the actual experiences of a young man who found at the end of his college course that he had an aversion to "going into business" and who had been fairly successful in his undergraduate writing. A newspaper office attracted him. Also he

believed, once he had been fortunate enough to get a job, that he was about to pass over the threshold into Bohemia.

On his first day at work he appeared in the office at precisely twelve o'clock, following the city editor's instructions to come down about noon. He didn't know that the seasoned reporters would arrive between 1:30 and 2:30. It was like the first day in a strange school. Every one seemed to know every one else; there was an easy intimacy all about him, and he was very much alone. He wished some one would drop in and tell all these fellows what a big man he had been in his class. He read a paper and observed the orderly confusion about him. He observed it furtively.

At about three o'clock an office boy told him that the city editor wanted to see him. He went to the desk and with difficulty restrained himself from saluting. Presently the city editor glanced up, handed him a clipping from an afternoon newspaper and, because he was a good city editor, slowly and patiently explained that one of the principal candidates for Governor would speak that afternoon to the students of Columbia. Stenographers would be on hand to furnish copies of the speech. A little introduction about the nature of the audience, any unusual happenings, and the reception which the candidate received would be all that was required in addition to the speech. He would find the night city editor in charge when he returned. The city editor returned to his papers.

The new reporter read his clipping and found that the meeting was scheduled for three o'clock. As fast as he could walk—something told him that it would be amateurish to run—he made for the subway. Once there, he boarded—the wrong train. But he didn't know this until he was stranded in the Bronx.

Now he didn't care about looks; he ran. The disaster of "falling down on the job" was apparently imminent. All out of breath, he reached the University after a final dash up the steps of Morningside Park, to find that the speaker had been detained and that the meeting hadn't yet begun.

When the candidate started to speak, he took notes, because there hadn't been time to find out about those stenographers and he wasn't going to be caught empty-handed. Somehow that man always managed to keep about two sentences ahead of him. He was getting hopelessly entangled in pages of sen-

tences which were only beginnings when the speaker sat down. He questioned every one in sight desperately for the next three minutes, and finally found himself in a room where typewriters were clicking and stenographers were shouting their notes to the typists. Over in one corner were a number of men, some of them twice his age, quietly smoking.

As the typewriters ceased they approached the head stenographer. One of them took the bundle of tissue paper carbon copies and began distributing it. Each one of the casual gentlemen stuffed a copy into his overcoat pocket. So these were reporters! A little timidly he asked if he might have one. With secret pride he mentioned the name of his paper. He made a tremendous effort to be casual.

"Well, gentlemen of the press," said the one who had passed around the copies, "are we finished?"

Gentlemen of the press! He was one of them. He rubbed his arm against his side until the tissue paper in an inside pocket crackled pleasantly.

At the office he handed in the entire speech as soon as he had introduced himself to the night city editor, who didn't seem at all impressed that the paper had a new reporter. It took him two hours to write his introduction, which contained two or three hundred words of his best idea of newspaper English. When he handed it in they seemed to have forgotten all about his story. He received a scrutinizing glance over heavily rimmed spectacles from the assistant night city editor, and went into a far corner to get his breath.

He had had no dinner, and his luncheon was an early one. About 9:30 the night city editor came upon him.

"Were you told to do anything else?" he asked. The reporter shook his head. "Then you'd better go. And, say, you'll save yourself a lot of time by asking whether there's anything else to do." The reporter went home utterly worn out.

He was awake when his paper was delivered next morning. With some difficulty he found a column devoted to the candidate's speeches of the previous day. His own contribution to that day's paper was this:

"The next speech was before the students of Columbia University. The candidate said in part:" And there followed two short extracts from all that speech!

That afternoon he was sent to the opening of a building supported by an organization that worked among seamen. He wrote a short account, filled with names and dates and figures, and it was printed almost as he wrote it. He read it repeatedly. He thought it was the most interesting story he had ever read in a newspaper.

He went to work early on the third day, for an over-night assignment had been given him. It was the opening of a municipal exhibit designed graphically to show the evils of graft. For two hours he wandered among charts and photographs and posters displaying figures. He was deeply interested, and gradually he received an impression that this was a good story. He walked to the office to ask the city editor whether he was right. After he finished his enthusiastic account the city editor said with a smile, "I think we can stand about a column of that."

A column! The reporter's heart almost stopped beating. He went back and copied practically everything in the exhibit. He found two or three people who were apparently in charge—or rather they found him—and they interpreted many things which he couldn't fathom. Then he returned to the office and ploddingly wrote with an ever-shortening pencil for four solid hours. A year later he could have written a story of that length on a typewriter, without effort, in forty-five minutes.

But his column was printed the next day on the last page but one. He discovered that this was the financial page, and he wondered how many Morgans and Rockefellers and Goulds were at that moment hovering over the words that he had written.

That night he was sent to the night court. He had never seen justice in action before, and he was interested in every case that came up in the long sessions that began at nine in the evening and ended at three in the morning. He watched the long line of offenders from his place before the magistrate's bench. He saw pickpockets and vagrants, unfortunate women and shoplifters, rioting strikers and family-squabblers, file past. He saw a scratch of a pen send men and women to jail.

Every case seemed to him to be worth telephoning to his office. He was saved by the judgment of a sharp-faced boy from another paper. This young man thought that an A. B. was a symbol at the head of a baseball score, but he could see a story a mile

away, and, which was more useful, he had no difficulty in knowing when there was no story. From him the reporter gained his first ideas of news values. A famous editor is said to have told a new man:

"If you see a dog running down the street with a tin can tied to its tail, that's not a story. But if you see a dog walking down the street with a tin can tied to its tail, that *is* a story."

This boy of the streets taught the same lesson in more striking phraseology.

In the intermission between midnight and one o'clock the reporter talked to the policemen who came from all over the city and whose prisoners were awaiting the reconvening of court. He didn't write a line in the weeks that he covered the night court, because there wasn't time to go downtown to the office. His business was to telephone and then get back into court. He was beginning to go through the mill.

A shake-up in the office brought him back to do general work. He began to find out that when an extraordinary person did anything, it was a story, whether what was done was extraordinary or not. But when an obscure person did anything, it had to be extraordinary to get into the paper. When an extraordinary person did an extraordinary thing, the story usually landed on the first page.

So, when a physician who was out under heavy bail committed suicide in one of the city's great hotels, the story was worth a lot. The reporter discovered this when he reached the hotel and was referred to the assistant manager's office, where a rare array of talent from the other papers was gathered. When the coroner came downstairs after a visit to make his official examination, the reporter had all he could do to follow the volley of questions that the more experienced newspaper men let loose. But he thought they omitted something. They hadn't asked the number of the room. He didn't know that, for the sake of the hotel's standing with superstitious persons, this is something that is never furnished. The members of his own profession enlightened him.

He found that there was a good story in an interview with a man and his wife who had just motored all the way from the Pacific coast, and who were going to continue around the world in their car. Their experiences had been most unusual.

After a while a safe criterion for him to

follow was to ask himself, Is this an interesting story to me? Would I read it through if I found it in another paper? Of course at first everything was interesting to him. When he first heard a political district leader call the head of the opposing ticket many names that were more bizarre than polite, he rushed into the office very much impressed. But he found that that was the business of political district leaders around campaign times.

His share of the campaign was not a large one. He was sent to trail the third string of speakers. They rarely said anything that demanded much attention, but they had to be watched just the same. Still the reporter felt considerable importance as he was carried from one meeting to another in the touring car provided for the press. Often he occupied it alone, for the other papers didn't pay much attention to his candidate. But it was excellent practice at carrying away one or two vivid impressions from each meeting, and that experience was valuable later when he followed speakers whose words the public cared to hear more than "in part."

After election he helped open hospitals and lay corner-stones. This simply required listening to vast discourses delivered by gentlemen who were under the impression that their utterances carried weight. If they succeeded in convincing him that this was true, his night city editor soon disabused him of the idea. Once, when he was sent to cover a dinner of a club which prided itself on introducing original and diverting specialties through the evening, he found that this time the diversions planned had been too original to be made public. With his heart in his mouth he approached the desk.

"Reporters were not admitted to that dinner of mine," he announced.

"Thank heaven!" said the night city editor, without looking up.

This same man's personality was the brake that saved the reporter from making an idiot of himself several times each day. On one occasion he came in after getting a story of a cow running wild on the East Side. He thought it was about time for him to write a funny story. The policemen at the station-houses in the district through which the animal had passed had supplied him with an interesting amount of detail.

"This is a pretty good yarn," the reporter told his editor. "I think I'll write a short, snappy story about it."

The older man followed him into the typewriter room a few minutes later.

"Make that story short, all right," said he, "but for heaven's sake don't make it snappy!"

At least half of the evenings of each week the reporter spent in the office rewriting stories that were telephoned in by the reporters whose business it was to make the round of police stations. The city was divided systematically, so that no event in which the police played a part could be lost. He listened to these stories, told them to the boss, and then either wrote them or threw away his notes. The men who covered these districts were experienced men whose chief ability lay in gathering news rather than writing it. Often their expertness made him despair of his own ability. Speed was an essential and a pleasure with them. Hence, he would hear something like this:

"Madison Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street—Taxi going north—driver, James Norton, 811 West 289—Two passengers, man and woman, no names—Surface car going south—Motorman, Patrick O'Grady, 745 West 48—Bang!!!—Mudguards and lamps smashed—Norton thrown against steering wheel—Ambulance—Presbyterian—Dr. Sweeney—Contusions and abrasions—of head and body—To hospital—O'Grady arrested—Policeman Flynn—East Fifty-first Street—Good-by."

It was his job to write a paragraph from that information. When a story was more important the district men weren't in so much of a hurry, and often he had a chance to write exceptionally good stories of fires, burglaries, accidents, battles, murders, and sudden deaths.

Book sales and obituaries filled his afternoons. At the book sales he yawned with a catalogue on his knees, and with the obituaries he brought into play all the tact and delicacy and consideration that he could muster. Usually there was a lawyer for the family, who could supply the details.

He found that there was nothing haphazard about the way the paper went about getting its news. Certain men were assigned to cover the courts, from the night court to the Federal courts; others spent all their time in the District Attorney's Office, at the City Hall, among the churches, the charity organizations, the theaters, the real estate exchanges, Police Headquarters, the Coroner's Office, the financial district, and any

other centers where news had a habit of appearing with regularity. These places were covered every day.

The men who were on general work were controlled by assignments from the city editor. His assistant read the papers constantly, looking for announcements of meetings, celebrations, deaths, and public events of all kinds. He clipped the afternoon papers' incomplete stories of occurrences in the morning and early afternoon. The best of these were used as the basis for more deliberate investigation and more careful writing by the morning paper's staff.

The paper on which he worked had a country-wide reputation for its style. Fortunately he didn't hear about this for some time, or he would undoubtedly have sought to discover it. But some one told him one day that the managing editor frequently received requests from papers in other cities to tell them how the style was taught. This wise man always replied that there was no such thing as a fixed style. The paper simply believed in letting each man tell his story in his own way. When his story was naturally told, it was a simple matter to take out the individualities that amounted to blunders.

One day a man in a regular daytime police court was taken ill. The reporter was sent to substitute. The man's illness was a protracted one, and for many months the reporter felt that he was making no progress whatever. He felt that he was being stifled in spirit, just as the atmosphere of his courtroom stifled him. He didn't know that he was getting to know a story when he saw it. The policemen knew him and spoke to him and hunted him up when they had an exceptional case. Their judgment in stories was excellent.

Once a broker offered him twenty dollars to keep his name out of the paper after he had been arrested for speeding his automobile. The reporter laughed at him. The broker misunderstood and drew out fifty dollars. Then the reporter explained that the story wasn't worth writing, but that he was going to write it anyway. He worked three hours making a paragraph so well put that it was bound to find its way into the paper. It did, and the reporter felt very righteous. He was conscious of having played a part in upholding the freedom of the press.

When he was taken back into the office the dinner season was at its height. He

listened to countless speeches off the same pattern. It was only at the very biggest of these dinners that he arrived in time to break bread. He preferred to have dinner at home or to dine in a downtown restaurant, so that he could feel free to write exactly what he saw and heard, without—obligation. He found that the majority of reporters entertained the same preference. He would reach the office about eleven and write fast until midnight.

He spent a few weeks in the Federal Building, where he got to be good friends with one or two of the commissioners, and saw some of the inside workings of Uncle Sam's system of running down postal frauds. The summer months found him in Wall Street, where a detailed account of the news was kept by two news agencies, whose reports, delivered on slips of paper throughout the day at the financial bureau of his paper, served as starters for finding out more about the real news. He decided that financial news wasn't what he wanted to write at all. He thought he might as well have an adding machine as a typewriter if he was going to continue to cover Wall Street. The annual strike of the messenger boys was the one bright spot in an otherwise dreary season.

One day the city editor sent for him and asked him how he would like to go to a big summer resort where a public man whose every movement was interesting had decided to spend the summer. With difficulty the reporter kept from jumping over the desk.

He was gone six weeks on this assignment. Three times a week the public man received the correspondents, and on the other days his secretary informed them of his movements. There was plenty of time to play golf and tennis, to sail and swim. Every evening he telegraphed a story to his paper. The rest of the time was his own, except when he had to investigate the rumors started by the imaginative local newspaper men.

On his return to the city he was sent to the District Attorney's office, besides keeping an eye on the doings of the prosecutor, what occurred in the seven major courts of the building, and what the many Grand Juries did. At first the job looked impossible. But he found that the city's most tried and proved veterans in the newspaper business were here. Some of them had been there longer than any of the judges, prosecutors, or court attendants. He never found out the mysterious way in which they could sense

a story, but when one of them said, "Son, I guess we better not wander far from Part V this morning," he knew that he could forget the other courts. They took him under their wings until he was able to do his share of the work. He heard all the murder trials that were held in New York County for the next few months. He saw men sentenced to death and watched them take the penalty without a sign. An outburst was extremely rare.

Late every afternoon, with the other newspaper men, he was received by the District Attorney, a hard-working, cheery man whose unfailing greeting was: "Well, gentlemen, what's the state of crime?"

With him they went over the interesting cases of the day. His comments on the best of them or on the progress of the white slave investigation and the other inquiries that he was directing were always interesting. This boy, less than two years out of college, found out that there was more evil in the world than he could conceive. He was seeing the realities of life with a vengeance, but somehow this wasn't the Bohemia that he had expected to find.

When he went back into the office again he began to realize that his superiors had had a definite purpose in sending him through the tedious stages of the mill. He found that he was equipped to deal with a criminal story now. He knew the news sources of anything that involved the police, and it was astonishing to him how many sorts of events come in contact, at some time or other, with the police.

Now his stories were varied. He interviewed a New York lawyer who had been decorated by the King of Italy. He watched a hippopotamus reluctantly moved from winter to summer quarters. He heard women speak in advocacy of the suffrage for themselves. The book publishers gave him material for columns about their authors. He made a two days' trip along the route of the

new water supply for the city. He covered a comet, an achievement made comparatively easy by the courtesy of certain approachable astronomers. He watched German marksmen plugging bull's-eyes and surrounding seidels at a Schuetzenfest. A trip to Long Island produced a story of twenty burglaries in a single night in one of the hamlets not far from New York.

He could hardly wait to get down to work each day. There was no telling what he would be doing by three o'clock. One Sunday, when he had dined out with some friends, he was obliged to go to work in a high hat. Half an hour later he was covering a murder on the East Side. He had difficulty in convincing any one that he was just a plain newspaper man. Another afternoon, in the midst of summer, he appeared for work in a very light gray flannel suit. He was sent to the smokiest, grimmest river fire that New York has known for years.

He "belonged" by this time. He was getting regular stories. He knew every one on his own paper and half the men on the other papers. He was making plenty of money.

From this point this account can no longer be accurate if it is to be typical, because there are two possible endings. A great many men stop one day and take stock of themselves. They discover that they have gotten out of newspaper work just about all that they can get. It is getting into their blood, and if they are going to break away the break must come soon. They are perfectly happy, but will they be accomplishing their original purpose by remaining?

Others frankly admit that they have long since lost sight of the reasons which put them in newspaper work originally. They have struck their gait, they couldn't imagine themselves chained to a desk in an office, and they are determined to stay as long as their papers will have them.

Which do you suppose our young man did?



# POETRY AND THE SCHOOL<sup>1</sup>

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

"The man who rode on the horse performed the whip and an instrument made of steel alone with strong ardor not diminishing, for being tired from the time passed with hard labor overworked with anger and ignorant with weariness, while every breath for labor he drew with cries full of sorrow, the young deer made imperfect who worked hard filtered into sight"—

—*A school-child's version of a passage in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."* From "*English as She is Taught.*"

GIVING a child a poem for analysis is like giving a puppy a costly tapestry on which to exercise its restless jaws. It adds nothing to the child's comprehension of verse, nothing to the dog's understanding of the textile art, and it is disastrous to the beauty of both tapestry and poem. Yet much of the teaching of poetry in our schools is based upon this process of technical dissection, a method of procedure which only the exceptional teacher has the initiative to discard or the gift to transform into inspiration. The wrong of this system is fundamental. Strange as it may seem to some, the object in studying poetry is not the solving of verbal puzzles, the ability to construe inverted phrasings, nor even the memorizing of dates and names; it is the stimulation of that desire for spiritual understanding and that love for beauty which are the rightful (if sometimes latent) inheritance of every child. The demand for technical analysis affects this natural and healthful longing much as treacle and sulphur affected the appetite of the boys at Dotheboys Hall. We would not dream of taking a child to church primarily to study architecture, oratory, or ecclesiastical vestments; why then do we so insistently continue to teach the secondary elements of poetry, at the expense of what is truly significant and vital? To such a question as this teachers frequently answer that the child *can* grasp the essentials of religion without a knowledge of the externals of church organization, but that the child cannot comprehend poetry without struggling over verse structure, without a smattering familiarity with iambs and dactyls, without painstaking inquiry into the meanings of individual words and without frequent literal renderings (rendings is perhaps more exact) of poetry into

prose. Bearing in mind what we wish to attain, let us take up this objection, as a secretary-bird takes up a dead snake, tail first. Perhaps in this way we can reach some definite end.

First in order comes the demand for literal prose translations. How valuable and how stimulating this is may be judged by the extract from the queer version of a passage in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" which heads this article. The imposition (in both senses of the word) of that task must have gone far towards convincing at least one child of the iniquity of all poetry. The evidence presented to the contrary, doubtless that child did understand the poem as a whole, and with more sympathetic guidance would have gone out and *played* that story of that poem for his own delectation and to the infinite profit of his imagination. It was the footless alchemy of having to "put it in prose" that turned the child's brain to molasses and mud. Poetry cannot be expressed in prose any more than it can be adequately expressed in music or painting. To attempt such a task is to attempt the impossible. The result of such an attempt is confusion and not clarification of thought. There is no slight resemblance between this so-called translation of poetry into prose and the effort to divide four sheep by three cows.

Comes next the demand that children should know the meaning of each and every word. For that demand perhaps there is more to be said, yet even this is overdone. Those futile notes at the back of so many school editions, designed to furnish examination-paper material rather than to suggest and inspire, are examples of what I mean. The exceptional child has frequently a feeling for words that seems to transcend the necessity for a dictionary. Boys and girls (there are such in this world) who read Shakespeare with delight, while the content of his verse is still obviously beyond them, are living proof of the existence of this faculty. Yet, lest I be suspected of having leanings towards cubist literature, let me shift my attack to the more important question of meter. When it comes to iambs and dactyls, I shall be on surer and more defendable ground.

Metrics, even at its best, is but a post-mortem science; it bears the same relation to poetry that the Bertillon system of identifica-

<sup>1</sup> This article will be followed by one on "Poetry and the Home," by Carolyn S. Bailey, which will answer such questions as, Which poems are good for a child to hear, and which have no educational value? Why do the swing and rhythm of poetry make an appeal to a child's mind that is found in no other form of literature? How may we use poetry as a medium of home education?—THE EDITORS.

tion does to a pretty girl. Metrics is no more essential to the understanding of one than finger prints to an admiration for the other. Joy in measured movement is as fundamental an emotion as love itself. The happiness children find in dancing, in making queer motions, in apparently senseless ululations, is all a manifestation of an elemental instinct for rhythm, a manifestation, it may be added, which is often sympathetically received in inverse ratio to the enthusiasm of its expression. The most normal outlet for this feeling is into the land of poetry. To discuss meters before children is to block this gateway with a clutter of superfluous technicalities, as valueless to children as to the birds of the air themselves. Birds, indeed, in this matter are wiser than we. Their fledgelings learn to sing through instinct and imitation, or at least no naturalist has as yet put forward any theory to the contrary. Had we but ears to hear, in this is all the Law and the Prophets needed for our instruction.

When it comes to a discussion of form, we find that the sin against childhood is one of omission rather than commission. It will not hurt a child to know that he is reading a sonnet and not a "poem of fourteen lines;" but if the question is to be discussed at all, the teacher who has gone only so far has gone only half far enough. Not "what is a sonnet" but "why is a sonnet" is the thing to be taught. In other words, the teacher should know and show that form is not a mold into which poetry is poured like soft soap, but a crystallization of thought and feeling as inevitable as the starry splendor of a flake of snow. Unless the teacher can do this, the question of form had better be left severely alone.

So far I have attempted to outline my conception of what poetry should do for the child, why the average child should delight in poetry, and, still more pertinently, some of the reasons why the average child does nothing of the kind. The result of this misunderstanding of the purpose and value of poetry is as evident as it is painful. Stifled in the school-room, neglected at home, interest in poetry survives only as the eidelweiss survives upon the pathless Alpine slopes of great imaginations, or like tropical orchids in New England, protected by hot-houses of affectation and cultivated sentimentality. For the grown-ups who have already lost the vision there is little to be done save the administration of frequent allopathic doses of "Gungha Din" and the "Charge

of the Light Brigade." Even the most phlegmatic of pulses will respond to a brass band. But for the host of children who are daily drifting into poetic invalidism is there no salvation to offer? Perhaps a solution to the problem is suggested in the word invalidism itself. In the back of my brain, that refuge where trivialities linger and whence important facts flee like quicksilver from a broken bottle, there lurks the story of a little boy who was starving to death because he could not "keep anything on his stomach." At last, so the story runs, having exhausted both the boy and his list of possible foods, the doctor in desperation told his small patient to order what he liked. Very faintly arose the answer, 'Cornbeef 'n' cabbage.' On some Aristippan principle generally unknown to medical practice, the doctor granted the request. Strangely enough, the cabbage stayed down and the boy got up. Instinct had proved a more infallible guide than science. The moral of this tale is not far to seek. Poetic invalids, their imagination stunted by malnutrition, their naturally sensitive ears dulled from want of use, can be reached only through what they can freely *love* and actively enjoy. To reach these starvelings we must abandon all attempts at making the study of poetry an intellectual exercise. As Sir James H. Yoxall says in a recent number of the "English Poetry Review," "whenever poetry is used as a method of refining intelligence . . . there is always the risk, and very often the realization of the risk, that the spirit and the beauty of it may be destroyed by a pedantic insistence upon the parsing, the grammar, the syntax, and explanations of all the more recondite allusions." Such a risk as this is too costly to run. The reading of poetry must be made a vital joy and not a thing of drudgery. We must first tempt the child's spiritual appetite with what it will accept, not drug it with nauseous technicalities which it cannot digest. Let us put within the reach of every school child a good anthology. Invite the child to approach this book as a treat, not a task. Find out what poems appeal to which children—and why. Point out to these individual children other poems having the same elements of appeal. If, for instance, a boy likes the cornbeef 'n' cabbage of the "Lays of Ancient Rome" or "Marmion," give him the more nutritious "Battle of Naseby," "Hervé Riel," "Sir Patrick Spens," or let him hear the long sea-thunder of Tennyson's "Revenge." A boy who has once tingled with the rushing

splendor of that poem will know more about meter than he can learn from a hundred books. Most important of all—and most difficult to obtain—let a good reader of poetry be found, who can call forth the music that sleeps in poetry as in the strings of an unplayed harp. Poetry is not a thing to be read with the eyes alone; its truest harmonies can be evoked only by the magic of a melodious voice. Good verse is not a soundless clavier; it is a full-throated organ. No one would think of teaching music on a cracked violin, yet the vocal equivalent of this tuneless instrument is to be heard in almost every school in the land. Perhaps some day the phonograph will bring to our school-children the interpretation of master readers, as it can now bring the work of world-famous singers and musicians. Instead of Caruso's solo from "Pagliacci" we may yet see advertised Bliss Perry's reading of "My Lost

Duchess" or Stephen Phillips's reading of "Kubla Khan." Such records as these would be of vital assistance to men and women who know, love, and long to teach to others the liquid magic their own voices have not the power to evoke.

This opening wedge of music and story is but the planting of the seed, at most but the sprouting of the grain. A love for poetry once awakened, the possibilities in this opportunity for spiritual cultivation need end only with life itself. Best of all, the door once set ajar can never be wholly closed. Upon those into whose hands the key to this treasure-house of beauty and high ideals is given rests a heavy responsibility. In the future, as in the past, shall this wealth of happiness be still the glory of the few, or shall it become the common inheritance of all? It is a question worth asking, and a question worth long striving to answer.

## WHEN CORPORAL PUNISHMENT FOR CHILDREN IS RIGHT

### A STORY OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

**M**Y mother is a stepmother, and a kinder, more patient, more conscientious mother never lived. She loves children instinctively, otherwise the moods and caprices of her little stepdaughter must have utterly discouraged and estranged her. As it was, she declares she grew fonder of me every day.

Our struggles lasted for nearly two years, from my fourth well into my sixth year. And the sole cause of the conflict lay in the fact that I was the kind of child that needed a slap, and my sensitive stepmother, with her Quaker inheritance of non-resistance, did not believe in slaps.

My first four years must have been normal and happy ones. They were spent with my maternal grandmother, who is also of Quaker descent, but who is evidently a reversion to the more combative, less introspective type of human kind. I remember well how this grandmother, in brusque, kindly fashion, used to slap my hands when I became unmanageable and send me about my business without very much ado, and how I used to come back very soon and actually get in her way

in order to receive some sign of forgiveness and love. She never talked to me about my faults, or tried to develop my conscience. Therein was the chief difference between her and my stepmother, in so far as they affected my childhood.

When I was capricious with my stepmother she would talk to me by the half-hour, not reproachfully or didactically, but in a way which, if I had been some years older, would have appealed to my sense of personal responsibility and self-respect. She also had the habit of continually praising my character as a preventive against fits of naughtiness, and when the preventive failed to work she would assure me that, however I may *seem* to be during those moments of aberration known as loss of temper, she, my loving, understanding mother, knew perfectly well that her little daughter *meant* and *tried* to be reasonable, and that for the most part she succeeded admirably well.

Sometimes when this undeserved praise of my character fell upon a particular mood of mine, it irritated me far more than reproaches would have done. Or rather—I feel it still—

a normal reaction on my mother's part of resentment and reproach would have brought me to my senses at once. But her reiteration that I was really a very good and reasonable child provoked in me at such times a desire to do something so bad that she would be obliged to recognize my wicked intentions. It was as if my still savage little soul was running away and instinctively longed for a checking hand, for the firm support of opposition!

What I needed and was actually suffering for was a little authority of the kind, unquestioning sort, and a great deal of wholesome indifference or *laissez-faire*.

I very soon understood that, no matter what I did, my mother would never "slap" me. I dare say she told me so, for she detested even the thought of corporal punishment. The act itself was, in her eyes, unworthy of human dignity—as if the child, a little undeveloped savage, can be reared according to the requirements of human dignity! Certainly, the prepossession that no matter what I did I would meet with no summary punishment had a decided effect upon my whole temper and conduct. I was morally and intellectually unequal to the dignity conferred upon me of having my peccadilloes result in spiritual instead of physical uncomfortableness.

The inborn stubbornness that characterizes at least nine-tenths of the human young developed in me very rapidly, owing to the knowledge on my part that, no matter how unreasonable my whim might be, I would nevertheless be permitted to argue my point; and even if I did not gain it by this means, I would at least postpone an adverse decision. As I look back on some of those long-drawn-out contests, I realize that I was simply experimenting with my mother just to see what was going to come next.

To send me to my room—to banish me if need before a whole day—was, according to my mother's code, the extreme penalty. I hated this punishment—the open disgrace, the solitary meals, the reproachful looks of the servants who loved my mother and pitied her because of me. But most of all and quite indescribably, I suffered from an incubus of moral and spiritual demands of which I had no adequate comprehension. A function was required of me for which as yet I possessed no organ. I suffered at such times as much, perhaps, as a child can suffer, and that is so much that in after years one is

never able to forget. I cannot remember that I ever blamed my mother or felt angry with her. My suffering appeared to me inevitable. And it used to seem to me that if I could only make myself jump from the window and end my life, in that way I might pay off the incomprehensible debt I owed to my mother and to every one who was not pleased with me. For all my genuine distress, I was not without appreciation of a spectacular end.

I had been told so many times that I ought to experience certain feelings—the desire to be "good," to make others happy, to feel grateful for my books, playthings, pretty clothes, and for the father and mother who loved me so much; and also that I ought to feel sorry for having acted foolishly and having hurt myself and others in consequence. These and kindred reflections my stepmother would suggest to me as she tenderly held me on her knee or prepared me for bed after a wretched day. And with tears and sobs and heartache I would wearily answer yes or no to anything she wished. But in reality I was no more capable of seeing my conduct objectively, or of picturing the abstract qualities of gratitude or remorse, than I was of solving a problem in longitude and time.

My mother has told me that she was often frightened by my moral obtuseness. Sometimes when I ought to have seen that I was wholly in the wrong and that my mother was deeply hurt, I would go to my room, and, after amusing myself for a while, I would fall asleep. One day I turned all my dresses and petticoats into big rag dolls, which I arranged as best I could on the model of our singing class at the kindergarten. I myself represented the teacher. As I was singing at the top of my voice my mother opened the door. I saw that her eyes were red with weeping. I knew I was the cause. But I felt no remorse. I was all alive, however, to the possibilities of a quick release and a run in the yard with my little neighbor and chum.

Kitty, my little friend, was apparently not a subject for that reverential respect of child nature which was bestowed upon me. She was occasionally spanked and slapped. I knew that my stepmother disapproved of this. She once said to me: "Kitty minds because she is afraid; but I want my girl to mind because she understands."

And yet in the background of my thoughts there was a kind of envy of Kitty and of the

lack of respect and deep seriousness that left her so merry and free. Young as I was, I felt the difference in the atmosphere of her home and of mine. I had seen her spanked by her mother, and ten minutes later they would be chatting and love-making as if nothing unpleasant had occurred. I observed also that she was never expected to be "sorry" or to *think* about being "good." I asked her once if her mother did not sometimes talk to her about right and wrong—and talk and talk and talk! And she said: "No, never; only just about fairy stories."

My grandmother came to visit us when I was nearing my sixth year. Oh, how earnestly my dear mother appealed to me to be my best self—to let "Grammie" see what a sensible girl I was! I agreed, of course, and for a few days all went well. Then came the night that proved to be a turning-point in my experience.

It was my habit to remain up in the evening until my father came home from the city. But I was always in bed before he and my mother dined. On this evening, shortly before my bedtime, there came a message from him saying he might not return for dinner, that my mother and grandmother were not to wait for him, and that he would see *me* in the morning. He sent me a good-night. I don't think I was acutely disappointed—it was merely a childish whim that I wanted to remain up till he came. I announced my intention of doing so, like the irresponsible little tyrant that I was. My mother began to explain—but reasons fell on stony soil. At first, however, I felt only a fragile, kittenish opposition to the regular routine of going to bed, and if my mother had been firm with me—downright absolute—all would have gone as she wished. But the longer I fenced, the stronger grew my will. At last it seemed to me that I must have my way at any cost.

My mother, with angelic but to me irritating patience, had succeeded in undressing me. But as she was about to put the nightgown over my head I threw myself full length, face downward, on the floor. At the same moment my grandmother entered the room.

"I heard thee talking to her," said my grandmother, "and thee has talked long enough. If she doesn't get into bed this instant, thee must give her a good slap."

My mother quickly drew her aside into her own room, and they talked for what seemed

to me a very long time. I began to wonder what the next move was going to be. Had they decided to let me lie here till morning if I liked? The thought did not please me at all.

Then my grandmother re-entered the room where I lay and closed the door behind her. She came up to me with a decided step.

"If I wasn't afraid thee would take cold, I'd shut the doors and leave thee where thee is," she began. "Come, get up this instant. Thy mother has talked to thee long enough."

I did not stir.

"Be quick," she commanded, "or I'll spank thee on thy bare legs!"

"You wouldn't dare!" I flashed out, turning my face a little on my folded arms.

But the next instant I was lying across her knees, and, sure enough, my bare legs were smarting under her firm little palm. It was over in a minute, and I stood sobbing on the rug while Grammie buttoned my nightgown and smoothed back my ruffled hair.

She kissed me as I lay on the pillow, and promised that mother would come in directly to say good-night.

My darling mother bent over me, her eyes full of tears.

"So Esther got spanked," she murmured. "Does it smart?" And she passed her hand tenderly over my hot legs.

"Yes—it smarts—mother," I sobbed. "But I think—I—like it better—than being talked to."

I went to sleep without feelings of resentment toward any human being. There was nothing to keep me awake—no dull, incipient presentment of my own depravity, no unconscious hypocrisy prompting me already to smooth my path by pretending to be something I was not—the still incomprehensible Sorry, Grateful, and Good. I experienced a strange feeling of well-being which I shall never forget—as if a throbbing abscess had been lanced, and I had only to lie there, a little sore, but exquisitely comfortable, waiting for the "smart" to cease.

But there was no abnormal longing to have this experience repeated. It was not that I enjoyed the beating in itself, for its own sake. In fact, I continued for the next year or two to entertain a wholesome dread of running into those extremes of naughtiness where my state of mind recalled to me those sharp slaps and the stinging afterglow on my legs. But it was not alone my state of mind that I had

to dread. My mother had become convinced that my grandmother's method of giving the naughty child a slap was more normal and more humane than her own.

I know very well that some children do not require corporal punishment. But the great majority do. It is not much they need, to be sure—just a touch at the right time to save the young things till their own reason matures. Our modern child-worshippers make the mistake of assuming that reason and moral sentiments develop in us much earlier than they do. The average child, until it reaches seven or eight years of age, is essentially unreasonable and unmoral. And for that reason, all long-drawn-out punishments such as confine-

ment in a room, the taking away of playthings, the canceling of some expected pleasure, only arouse and cultivate in the young child feelings of resentment and bitterness. It cannot see clearly the relation between cause and effect. But I have yet to find the little one who clings less lovingly to his mother because she occasionally gives him a slap. On this subject, as on many others, we may take some hints from the lower animals. They discipline their children in one way only—by more or less gentle cuffs. And the normal and healthy human child during its first few years is little more than a young "lower animal," plus enormous possibilities for development.

## THE SPECTATOR

FROM the roof of a barn in one of the summit counties of Ohio the rainfall from the eaves on one side falls into the Atlantic Ocean, on the other side into the Gulf Stream. The Gulf moiety passes by creek and stream into the Ohio River; the Atlantic flows C-ward, in literally the course of that letter, via a certain river which the Spectator loves, emptying into Lake Erie some fifty miles north of its source. It is such a little river, though where it spreads itself at its busiest bridge it is, the Spectator believes, as wide as the Thames at London. Its name, even, is omitted from all but local maps, although it figures in the national archives of the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the Escorial. But to one born and bred on its banks it excels Jordan as do Abana and Pharpar, constantly piquing him into narrative and eulogy.

This river is a study of continuity. You cannot know it knowing only one period, because your notions of the significance of that period would be nullified by ignorance of what went before and came after. Behind the raindrops on the barn roof, and the spring into which they trickle, the source is lost in the mists of far-off lakes; behind the flexible palisade of its moist margins is the firm bed cut out by the retreating glacier; and behind all human data linger the ancient earthworks of the mound-builders. After this twilight of antiquity the dawn of tradition rose over the

valley, and two cities of refuge were built at the lower rapids—two cities of refuge, where those who sought safety never failed to find it. All of the Indians west of the river were at war with those east of the river. All of the west might enter the western city, and all of the east the eastern city; but the river that flowed between was sanctuary. Internal feuds arose, as they will in every paradise, and these settlers of three centuries ago, like the earlier mound-builders vanished into obscurity.

"King sets!" the Spectator and his playfellows used to shout, with jocund obliviousness of grammar, as they raced and tagged over the sites of the old free cities. "King sets!" and instantly neutrality was declared. Henry might be hare and Hiram hounds, but at those magic words came sanctuary, and all gathered around to see perhaps an arrowhead that one player had upturned; or a bonfire would be proposed and forthwith built. As dusk grew on, the shocks of corn or some low roof on the curving ridge above would suggest soldiers encamped there, and some young chronicler would point out Israel Putnam's Connecticut troops at the left of Bradstreet's line. For he camped here, this future hero of Bunker Hill, beside Montresor, the distinguished engineer, who during the coming Revolution was to fight on the other side and to serve as one of the managers of the celebrated Mischianza given in Philadel-

phia by British officers; Montresor, who a few years earlier, at Quebec, drew that profile sketch of his friend Wolfe which still remains to us.



Where the Spectator and his friends built driftwood fires along the river bank had been the playground of earlier races. Here it was that Samuel Brady, the scout sent out by Washington, watched from his hiding-place on the island an unequal race. A war party had arrived from Kentucky with some fine horses which were lined up along the river. One white mare won race after race. Wearying of this monotony, the Indians put two riders upon her, and then a third, which sufficed to defeat her. Brady escaped that night and reported to Washington, anxiously alert after Benedict Arnold's recent plot to betray West Point, that the Sandusky Indians were engaged in other sports than war.



Nor was it always horses that ran this well-trodden track. More white captives were brought here during and just preceding the Revolutionary War than to any other place in Ohio, and a goodly number of the two thousand were made to run this gauntlet track between Wyandot braves, women, and children armed with clubs. Such things, briefly, thanks to tales of his grandfathers, were what the American Revolution meant to the Spectator. Inkings he had of Lexington and Valley Forge, but Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton had been led captive through his own streets; the Moravian victims had been herded here; Brady had again and again forded the river; and Crawford, who in his humble cabin had been visited by his friend Washington, leading his Pennsylvania troops through these dense forests, was surprised, captured, and, within sight of the upper reaches of the river, burned at the stake; and on the hill a British stockade had been erected.



Bradstreet's *bateaux* bearing Putnam and the New England soldiers were the largest boats theretofore seen on the river; but in 1813 up sailed a part of King George's royal fleet, bearing five hundred British regulars, veteran troops who had fought under Wellington on the Peninsula, who landed by the old free city and marched against the little American fort on the hill. Their allies, Tecumseh and two thousand Indians, swarmed in the woods, and for two days

the conflict continued. Croghan, a handsome youth of twenty-one, with a hundred and sixty men and one cannon, held the fort, repulsed all attacks, and made such havoc in the ranks that a precipitous retreat followed, and a British sailboat was even left on the beach. This battle of Fort Stephenson was the first really brilliant effort of the War of 1812. The youth of the hero, the disparity in numbers on the opposing sides, and the decisive victory aroused a burst of enthusiasm throughout the country. This repulse of August 2, 1813, whose centenary approaches, was the turning-point of the war. So down the river fled the British veterans, and down the river jubilantly followed Harrison with his troops; and Perry's victory on Lake Erie and the decisive Battle of the Thames were results of which this victory was the direct precursor.



Of arms and men the Spectator sings, but now of boats. Hither, in 1819, came the Walk-in-the-Water, first steamboat in these parts. The same year saw a more extraordinary craft with a no less speaking name, the Pegasus, working its way up and down our river. It consisted of two large canoes side by side, separated by a platform large enough to carry a superstructure of machinery, a large amount of freight, and several passengers. The machinery was operated by four horses which worked paddles at each side of the boat. On one occasion a refractory horse broke his halter, plunged over the rail, and swam triumphantly to shore. The inventive genius who supplied the Pegasus constructed a dog-ferry across the river, propelled by paddle wheels driven by dog-power; and later a bridge. During a spring freshet church services were dismissed early because word came that the bridge could not long stand. "I built this bridge," the pioneer called, "and the Lord and the flood cannot budge it." Soon thereafter it broke away. "The Lord's beaten me this time," was his remark as he came ashore on the ice. Ease of transportation by boat made this inland town the center of trade for a hundred miles about. Five hundred loads of wheat were often in the streets at one time awaiting shipment. Sailboats could tack their way up the winding channel. When winds were contrary, men went out in canoes with windlasses to put around the trees and so wind the boat around the bends. Later steam passenger boats vied for customers. The fleets of all

the Western streams, however, melted like snow before the fatal rivalry of the railways. The first of these to cross the river was the Ohio Railway, built on stilts. This "unique traveling railway construction circus" consisted of a pile-driver locomotive, which also worked a horizontal buzz saw which cut off the pile when set. The cross-ties were laid from pile to pile, and upon this superstructure extended the iron track. The pile-drivers went on merrily for two years, booming, screaming, pounding their way through the forests; Ohio railway money was the circulating medium; when the bubble burst the machines stopped, and the people had the worthless money in their pockets. Old residents still remember the vestiges of the double row of piles through the marshes.

The first mill along the river was built soon after the battle of 1813, a rude affair which was said to crack three grains of corn into one. The builder of the horse-boat and the dog-ferry dug a mill-race and built a dam, pressing into partnership his father, who had come hither on a visit, making the journey from Kentucky on a short-horned ox, using a side saddle tightly girthed on. When the spring freshet came, the old man watched the ice with great anxiety. At last the dam began to move steadily down stream. Lifting his hat from his head, he exclaimed: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord; but the devil take my precious soul if I do not build it up again." He missed slabs from his dooryard, and, boring some long ones, filled them with powder. The next morning a tremendous explosion in a neighboring log cabin blew out the whole gable end. Being arrested, his plea was that the slabs were green and would not burn without the help of powder; besides which he claimed the right to treat his own slabs as he pleased. Frontier humor is apt to prove of the boisterous kind. Yet the rough old characters who walked these streets and plied this river so many years ago were notably manly, coarse only from necessary environment, and ever advancing toward a higher type of American citizen.

"Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song!" To have molded a bed for itself through a lovely valley and have wooed the mound-builders hither; to have been the hyphen of peace and good will in the days

of the Neutral Nation; to have formed an important link in the favorite waterway of the Indians and French between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi Rivers; to have lapped the site of the first fort built by white men in Ohio; to have put a protecting arm about the home of the first permanent white settlers in Ohio; to have dimpled under the paddles of Pontiac, Brant, Tarhe, and Tecumseh; to have mirrored the faces of the French Chevalier de Lery, the English Montresor, and the Livonian Rose, of Putnam and Crawford, St. Clair and Wayne, the Hero of Tippecanoe and the two Croghans; to have irrigated the little nurseries of Johnny Appleseed; to have been the highway of a "foreign missionary" sent hither from Connecticut, and through him and his successors to have wrought in the great enterprise of religious and educational endeavor; to flow past a fort unique in cherishing on the centenary of its memorable battle its original site, its original armament, and the bones of its hero; and from source to mouth to have shared potently in the struggle of the West for liberty—such are some of the titles to distinction of the little river which the Spectator loves. There is not one mile of its course which does not call for comment or tempt the lover of nature and history to linger in admiration. Nor is there any absence of that tradition which Ruskin thought would rob rivers of their laughter and flowers of their light; nor of that "shaping spirit of imagination" by which, as Coleridge exquisitely said, man fashions out of incidents a something eternal, representative, a pattern by which these so-called realities essentially exist. As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man. Other voices than those of the Spectator's contemporaries whisper in the music of this little river; other feet tread its banks; other paddles break its green reflections. In some way the experience of all those vanished generations enters into our own, and we move to the influence of lives different yet strangely akin.

So that, in part, is the Spectator's river, a thin blue line on a mapful of blue lines. Myriad sources, myriad courses; each with a sanctity ancient beyond history; each an epitome of all; each a symbol of that outward rush of the river of life; each debouching at last into one common sea. And by each,

"O winding creeks and rivers—  
Passage to more than India."

## THE NEW BOOKS

### GENERAL MEADE AND THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG<sup>1</sup>

THE battle of Gettysburg was fought fifty years ago. The celebration of that event brings to mind the battle's central figure—George Gordon Meade. It is fitting that Meade's biography should appear at this moment. It has been written by his son, Colonel George Meade, and edited by the Colonel's son, George Gordon Meade. Colonel Meade was one of General Meade's aides during the war, but died before he had completed the biography of his father. The work was then taken up by the grandson and finished.

The volumes comprise a narrative and a correspondence. The narrative part has chiefly to do with General Meade's early life, his West Point career, the interval between the Mexican and Civil Wars, and the period after the latter war until the General's death.

The two wars are largely described in letters written by General Meade to his wife. In reading these letters one notes, first of all, that their writer explains his reasons for army movements without any of that somewhat talking-down-to-you tone noted once in a while in the speech of some masters of their subjects who would teach those less well instructed. Mrs. Meade must have been a woman of much breadth and depth of mind to have elicited such correspondence. In the next place, one notes the tone of absolute freedom and trust of these letters, as well as by their revelation of a noble religious faith.

Finally, the letters show us a soldier, pure and simple—no soldier who had used or was using some of his time in trying to get ahead by pulling various political wires. Sometimes Meade had to pay the penalty for this single-mindedness. To his wife he did not hesitate to complain about it either—almost tiresomely at times. Some other officer would receive praise for Meade's work, or Meade would be blamed for others' faults. He smarted under these injustices, and occasionally, as, for instance, in his hope of preferment under President Grant, became very bitter in his comment. But he was a scornful as well as a sensitive man. He disdained any strenuous effort to change his

position with the people at large. He never "truckled" to the public. He was a soldier first, last, and all the time.

The central point of interest in these volumes is, of course, the account—almost too detailed, some casual readers may think—comprising a hundred and thirty pages, of the battle of Gettysburg, July 1–3, 1863. To most readers, however, the detail will, we believe, not greatly interfere with the clear-cut and vivid statements. The statements are naturally clear-cut and vivid, for their author, Colonel Meade, was with his father during the three days of the battle.

Colonel Meade's descriptions may remove some misconceptions concerning his father; on the other hand, the frankness of comment may introduce a renewal of some old controversies. When all is said, however, General Meade will probably, we think, emerge a larger man and a finer character in the minds both of military men and laymen.

With regard to the events on the Confederate side which led up to the battle of Gettysburg, we are told that for over a year preceding General Lee had enjoyed unhampered command of the Army of Northern Virginia, that he was comparatively unrestricted as to the movements of his army—which was living off the country and sending home supplies—and that his troops, flushed with the pride of a successful campaign and invasion of the North, were confident of victory.

On the other hand, Meade, "the fifth to lead the Army of the Potomac, had been in command but three days before the battle. He was confronted with the double task of opposing the enemy and defending the capital of the country. His army was the only defense of the great cities of the North, he could look for no reinforcements, and he supposed his enemy to be his equal if not superior in numbers." His troops, we are told, had confidence in themselves, but at the time he took command they were still laboring under the depressing effects of several defeats.

The moment was critical. Not only did fortune now seem to favor the Confederates, but the Unionists believed that the slightest further success would be used to obtain recognition of the Confederacy from the Powers abroad. As General Meade expressed it in his letter of June 29, 1863, "a battle will decide the fate of our country and our cause."

<sup>1</sup> Life and Letters of George Gordon Meade. By George Meade. Edited by George Gordon Meade. In 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$7.50 per set.

Meade's advance gave Lee no alternative but to assume the offensive and, if possible, to overcome the Army of the Potomac. Superior in numbers, Lee's forces made the attempt. On the night of June 27, 1863, the Army of Northern Virginia had crossed the Potomac, had passed up the Cumberland Valley, and entered Pennsylvania. Lee's right flank was protected by the Blue Ridge and his base of supplies established at the most salient bend of the Potomac toward the zone of his contemplated operations.

Though he knew of the strategic importance of Gettysburg, and consequently that Lee might attempt to concentrate there, Meade could not, affirms the biographer, twenty-four hours before the battle, have been able, any more than Lee, to predict with certainty that the impending conflict would take place at Gettysburg. But Meade's movements now forced Lee to concentrate somewhere, and, Gettysburg being strategically advantageous, the question was, Who should get there first?

With regard to the actual fighting there, while the first day's operations favored the Confederates, Meade's principle of strategy, successfully pursued, seemed to have been, as he later explained, "to act upon the defensive and receive the attack of the enemy, if practicable, knowing that the enemy would be compelled either to attack me or to retire from his position; that it was not within his power to wait any length of time in my front and maneuver, and that the chances of victory on my side were greater if I acted on the defensive than they would be if I assumed the offensive."

In the description of the battle, as in the work as a whole, the element of humor rarely enters. Were it oftener present, the volumes would be more attractive to the general reader. One detects a gleam, however, in the following reminiscence, which touches both the Mexican and the Civil War:

The enemy's fire [at Gettysburg] was directed mainly at the left center of the Union line. The intensity and fierceness of the cannonade, the hail of shot and bursting shell which swept and tore along Cemetery Ridge proper, and the damage done thereby, beggar description; while even back of the ridge in the rear, where the reserves were posted, immense havoc was wrought by that portion of the enemy's fire which was high and had cleared the crest. Here it was that the little farm-house, General Meade's headquarters, just under the crest of the ridge, and in rear of the left center, the point at which the enemy's fire was directed, received

too its share of destruction. . . . During this rain of Confederate shell, . . . Meade . . . chanced to notice that some of his staff . . . were gradually . . . edging around to the lee side of the house. "Gentlemen," he said, . . . "are you trying to find a safe place? You remind me of the man who drove the ox-team which took ammunition for the heavy guns on to the field of Palo Alto. Finding himself within range, he tilted up his cart and got behind it. Just then General Taylor came along, and, seeing this attempt at shelter, shouted, 'You damned fool, don't you know you are no safer there than anywhere else?' The driver replied, 'I don't suppose I am, General, but it kind o' feels so.'"

After the battle came criticisms, favorable and unfavorable. As to the first Meade wrote to his wife:

I claim no extraordinary merit for this last battle, and would prefer waiting a little while to see what my career is to be before making any pretensions. I did and shall continue to do my duty to the best of my abilities. . . . I also see that my success at Gettysburg has deluded the people and the Government with the idea that I must always be victorious, that Lee is demoralized and disorganized, etc., and other delusions which will not only be dissipated by any reverse that I should meet with, but would react in proportion against me.

As to one of the unfavorable criticisms, Meade wrote to his wife as follows:

Have you seen a very bitter article in Wilkes's "Spirit of the Times" of August 29? He says the victory of Gettysburg was due entirely to the strength of the position and the heroic bravery of the common soldiers, and was entirely independent of any strategy or military ability displayed by any general from the senior down. . . . There is no doubt the position at Gettysburg was very strong, and that the victory was in a great measure due to this fact; and it is also equally true that if the men had not fought as well as they did I should have been beaten; but I have yet to learn the existence in history of a general whose genius was equal to winning victory when all the advantages were against him and his men would not fight.

As to another criticism—that after the battle of Gettysburg Meade intended to retreat—he says:

God knows my conscience is clear that I never for a moment thought of retreating, although I presume I held in view the contingency that the enemy might compel me so to do, and I may have told Butterfield to familiarize himself with the roads, etc., so that if it became necessary we would be prepared to do it promptly and in good order. Out of this he has manufactured the lie that I intended *at the time* to do so. The falsehoods that have been uttered against me, and the evidence of a regular conspiracy which has been organizing almost since the date of the battle, make me heartsick.

But a third criticism was hardest of all to bear—Meade's failure to bring on another

engagement as he followed Lee's retreat into Virginia. Needing both reinforcements and supplies, Meade had first to gather these together. Meanwhile Lee got back into Virginia. This brought censure upon him even from Lincoln. But Lincoln made quick amends thus:

I was deeply mortified by the escape of Lee across the Potomac, because the substantial destruction of his army would have ended the war, and because I believed such destruction was perfectly easy—believed that General Meade and his noble army had expended all the skill and toil and blood up to the ripe harvest, and then let the crop go to waste. Perhaps my mortification was heightened because I had always believed—making my belief a hobby possibly—that the main rebel army going north of the Potomac could never return, if well attended to, and because I was so greatly flattered in this belief by the operations at Gettysburg. A few days having passed, I am now profoundly grateful for what was done, without criticism for what was not done. General Meade has my confidence as a brave and skillful officer and a true man.

Grant's opinion of Meade, the more impressive because expressed fully a year after the battle of Gettysburg, reads as follows: "General Meade has more than met my most sanguine expectations. He and Sherman are the fittest officers for large commands I have come in contact with."

In this connection it is interesting to know

Meade's opinion of Grant—a statement which, after one has finished reading the biography, stands forth clearly as compared with Meade's estimate of other men:

Grant is not a striking man, is very reticent, has never mixed with the world, and has but little manner, indeed is somewhat ill at ease in the presence of strangers; hence a first impression is never favorable. His early education was undoubtedly very slight; in fact, I fancy his West Point course was pretty much all the education he ever had, as since his graduation I don't believe he has read or studied any. . . .

Grant is very phlegmatic, and holds in great contempt newspaper criticism, and thinks, as long as a man is sustained by his own conscience, his superiors, and the Government, that it is not worth his while to trouble himself about the newspapers. . . .

Grant is not a mighty genius, but he is a good soldier, of great force of character, honest and upright, of pure purpose, I think, without political aspirations, certainly not influenced by them. His prominent quality is unflinching tenacity of purpose, which blinds him to opposition and obstacles—certainly a great quality in a commander when controlled by judgment, but a dangerous one otherwise.

Grant is not without his faults and weaknesses. Among these is a want of sensibility, an almost too confident and sanguine disposition, and particularly a simple and guileless disposition, which is apt to put him, unknown to himself, under the influence of those who should not influence him, and desire to do so only for their own purposes. Take him all in all, he is, in my judgment, the best man the war has yet produced.

**Thomas Jefferson: His Permanent Influence on American Institutions.** By John Sharp Williams. Columbia University Press, New York. \$1.50.

Lectures originally delivered before a student audience at Columbia University, and more valuable to the special student than interesting to the general reader.

**Religion for Men.** By Alvah Sabin Hobart. Association Press, New York. 50c.

This is well described by its title page. It is thoughtful without being difficult, theological without being scholastic, and religious without being pietistic.

**Mystery of His Own Person (The).** By J. N. Pierce. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 50c.

A useful booklet for one who is perplexed over the question of the Person of Christ. The distinction between evidence of divinity and cause of divinity is well taken and is illuminating.

**Scarlet Rider (The).** By Bertha Runkle. The Century Company, New York. \$1.35.

An English nobleman becomes highwayman; his charming daughter Lettice disguises an escaped American prisoner (the time is that of our Revolution) as a footman; he declares himself the highwayman to save her father; and there is adventure and plot in abundance—perhaps

overabundance—but the tale has liveliness and romance.

**Courtin' of Christina (The).** By J. J. Bell. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.

The author brings together in this short story the Wee MacGregor and the Christina of former amusing books; their boy and girl courtship is told in a simple and natural way, with wholesome fun and with that happy faithfulness to dialect and character which gave success to the former books.

**Michael.** By Mrs. de la Pasture. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.35.

This story lacks the gentle humor of the author's "Peter's Mother" and "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square." It turns around the efforts of a devoted Roman Catholic and aristocratic English family to convert to their faith a young millionaire who is loved by a maiden of their family. The theme is carefully and delicately worked out, and the characters are refined and thoughtful people.

**Adventure of Dr. Whitty (The).** By G. A. Birmingham. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.35.

In this book by the writer who is popularly called abroad the Irish Mark Twain we

have, instead of J. J. (the versatile hero of Mr. Birmingham's former book), Dr. Whitty, who is unlike and yet like J. J. He gets the people of his little Irish village into scrapes and out of scrapes with the most self-possessed coolness, and the absurdities of his adventures are told in a sedate and matter-of-fact way which makes them all the more humorous.

**Old Adam (The).** By Arnold Bennett. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.35.

Readers of Mr. Bennett's lesser fiction will remember the lively and amusing story of "Denry, the Audacious." Mr. Bennett here returns to this character and gives us an episode of later life, when the former "card" of one of Bennett's famous Five Towns, who made his way by sheer cheek and readiness to turn things to his own advantage, has settled down into dull and respectable life. The Old Adam is provoked in him by domestic dullness and matter-of-factness, and he makes a dash for excitement; he goes to London and stops at a tremendously swell hotel and there becomes involved with theatrical and literary people, the result being that he starts a theater—and a theater of the intellectual drama at that. The adventures he has in this unlikely undertaking and its final outcome make a decidedly amusing story.

**New Philosophy of Henri Bergson (The).** By Édouard Le Roy. Translated from the French Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.25.

Mr. Le Roy's estimate of Bergson is indicated by the following sentence: "These books have verily begun a new work in the history of human thought." As an interpreter, the book is not equal to E. Hermann's volume on Eucken and Bergson. Better than either, to get Bergson's point of view, is his own "Creative Evolution," not more difficult for the thoughtful reader than the smaller volume of his interpreter.

**Life of Thaddeus Stevens (The).** By James Albert Woodburn, Ph.D., LL.D. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$2.50.

This would be a better book if it were a third shorter. The author is in thorough sympathy with the Reconstruction policy which Thaddeus Stevens represented and did much to force upon the country. In the judgment of *The Outlook*, the results of that Reconstruction policy have proved that it was a great blunder. The Reconstruction policy at the end of the war should have been carried on in the spirit of General Grant's motto, "Let us have peace." It was carried on in the spirit of those who believed that the Southern whites were the enemies of the Southern Negroes and were at the end of the war as bitter enemies of the Union as they were at the beginning, both of which opinions were egregious mistakes.

**Works of Theodore Parker (The).** Centenary Edition. American Unitarian Association, Boston. In 15 vols. \$15.

The handsome Centenary Edition of the works of Theodore Parker is now complete, with the

publication of the fifteenth volume, which contains a description of the Parker Library, a bibliography of Theodore Parker's published writings and of others having reference to him, and a very complete index. The mere titles of the volumes included indicate the extraordinary breadth of scholarship of this remarkable man, and his wide range of human interest and sympathy. He represented a spiritual type of religion dissociated from tradition and authority. In his reaction against the excessive regard paid to tradition and authority he, in our judgment, went to an extreme. So far as it is possible to portray a man of so complex a nature in a single sentence, he might be described as a radical individualist in the sphere of morals and religion. But if he represents in some sense a passing phase of America's religious life, it is a phase with which the student may well wish to be acquainted, and even he who is not a historical student will find in these books much matter of intellectual and spiritual suggestiveness. Our own estimate of Theodore Parker and his influence on American thought and life was given when this Centenary Edition was begun, and will be found in our issue of August 7, 1909.

**Statesman's Year Book, 1913 (The).** The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.

Fifty years ago the late Frederick Martin founded the "Statesman's Year Book," and, as is appropriate, the just published edition for 1913 contains a condensed retrospect of the history of the past half-century. The "Statesman's Year Book" is an indispensable volume for every library, for no statistical account of the countries of the world seems to combine so many facts in such small space. The publication enjoys an enviable reputation for accuracy, and this reputation has increased from year to year. Dr. J. Scott Keltie has for some time been the editor; he is also well known as the Secretary of the British Royal Geographical Society. The present volume notes, as might be expected, the recent changes in the Balkan Peninsula, Tripoli, Morocco, and China.

**Candid History of the Jesuits (A).** By Joseph McCabe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.50.

Well-informed readers will probably conclude that this ample narrative presents as impartial a history as will for many a day be written of a religious order that has been as unsparingly condemned by Roman Catholics as by Protestants. Distinguished both by its virtues and its vices, alternately touching the zenith and the nadir in its extraordinary career of four hundred years, it is a subject in which Mr. McCabe is certainly a competent authority. From 1891 to 1896 he was a Roman Catholic priest and a professor in theology, but withdrew in consequence of adopting agnostic views. In this, the latest of his popularly written works, he seems to have adhered to Othello's injunction, "Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

The present interest of this subject is indicated by the name popularly given to the General of the Society, "the Black Pope." As the dictator of papal policy, the Society of Jesus is to-day the imperial power behind the throne of a spiritual empire.

**Modern Call to Missions (The).** By James S. Dennis, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.50.

This "Call" by the widely known author of remarkable volumes on "Christian Missions and Social Progress" should reach all who, outside of the churches or within them, care to know the history of our own time. The American who thinks of his country as a world-power should know that American missionaries have done as much as any others to make it influential. Dr. Dennis's chapters on "Missions and Diplomacy," "Commerce and Missions," give a glimpse of the fact. What our Republic owes for what it is to "The Missionary Factor in Colonial History" is also shown as no small debt. Our lagging progress toward church union is shamed by the record of union achieved by churches and theological seminaries in our missionary field. Such are a few of Dr. Dennis's many and varied topics in a theme of fascinating interest in this period of world-wide stir and change.

**Building of the Church (The).** By Charles E. Jefferson, D.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. 50c.

That the theme appointed for the lectures on preaching annually given before the Yale Divinity School on the Lyman Beecher Foundation has not staled in the least during the four decades of their continuance is annually demonstrated, and never better than in this volume of the eight given in 1910. The very list of these topics prepares the expectations which they severally fulfill. Dr. Jefferson's masterly exposition of the fundamental aims of the ideal minister of the New Testament amidst the confused voices of the present time is applied in copious detail; both positively in the line of constructive effort, and negatively in pointing out neglects and failures, intellectual and moral, practical and spiritual. There is hardly any minister, however seasoned in his work, who may not find here suggestions helpful in the lifelong endeavor toward the lofty ideal. This is a book for the church also, as the pastor's indispensable active partner in building it. Dr. Jefferson's style is as felicitous as the treatment of his theme is fresh and thorough. The low price of this desirable volume puts it within reach of many short purses.

**Christianity and the Labor Movement.** By William Monroe Balch. Sherman, French & Co., Boston. \$1.

This handy manual of little more than a hundred pages aims to promote a better understanding between "the chief dynamic factors of

society"—the Church and organized labor. It sets forth in compact and well-digested form the essential conditions which impose duties on each and the facts which each needs to know about the other. Its stress is laid on what churchmen should do, as well as know, so as to give effect to "the social creed of the church." This, set forth in 1908 by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, and subsequently indorsed by nearly all Protestant denominations, is reprinted with helpful comments on each of its articles. A word is said also of Socialism as naturally in affinity with Christianity, and a plea is made for the mutual fairness conducive to a better common understanding. As compared with larger volumes on its subject, this is an excellent primer for plain and busy people. It deserves wide circulation.

**Byways of Scottish History (In).** By Louis A. Barbé. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.

This group of pleasantly written papers throws sidelights on interesting points in the history of Scotland, and especially as connected with topography, biography, and literature. Thus there are chapters about Mary Queen of Scots, and (what is more novel and interesting) about her Four Marys. There are also what may be called some myths, such as the queer and little-known "Long Tail" story. The book does not bulk large as to importance, but it is an agreeable piece of light historical study.

**Masked War (The).** By William J. Burns. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.50.

Mr. Burns's place as one of the most subtle and successful detectors of crime ever known is beyond question. The story in which the dynamite conspiracy was unmasked and the perpetrators of the crime at Los Angeles brought to punishment is here given in detail and in Mr. Burns's own narrative. It makes exciting reading and in many points is valuable in its analysis of this kind of criminal conspiracy.

**Britannica Year-Book (The): A Correction**

In speaking recently of the extremely useful and valuable "Britannica Year-Book," published by the Encyclopædia Britannica Company of New York, through some error The Outlook gave the number of pages as 500, while in point of fact it has no less than 1,225 pages, while the price in the cloth edition is \$2.25, instead of \$1.75 as stated in the note. We may add, as we are making this note of correction, that further examination of the work has ratified and even increased the high opinion formed on the first examination and stated in the note previously published. It affords speedy and convenient reference to matters of current interest; and readers of The Outlook will find it peculiarly suited for their aid as supplementing the record and comment on the world's history made in The Outlook itself.

# THE BRITISH-AMERICAN PEACE CENTENARY

BY H. S. PERRIS

SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH DELEGATION

The Outlook's readers will be interested in the account herewith given at its request by the Secretary of the British Delegation to the recent Peace Centenary Conference in New York for the purpose of drafting a programme for the celebration of the Hundred Years' Peace, and of the subsequent tour of the various delegations through a number of the chief cities of the United States.—THE EDITORS.

WE traveled, say our journalist reckoners, some three thousand miles by train and one thousand miles by motor-car. We under went, so it is estimated, some fifty-five banquets, luncheons, and breakfasts of a formal character, at most of which speeches were made. I say no more than this of the torrent of hospitality which carried us on its generous tide for three weeks—that the campaigns of peace have their strenuous days, no less formidable than those of war!

It was, however, an admirable thought of the American Committee thus to transport their visiting guests from Great Britain, from Canada, and from Ghent, through a considerable portion of the vast territory of the United States. On the one hand, it brought home to us who were visitors the enormous area and unbounded resources of the American dominion, and the varied racial types of which its population is compacted. On the other hand, it carried the news of our centenary preparations across half the continent, brought us into touch with leading men in a number of your chief cities, got the meaning of the coming celebration into the papers, and elicited on its behalf an almost unanimous tribute of popular sympathy and applause.

We started our Conference in New York on May 5 with the consciousness of the importance of our mission. We ended our tour three weeks later, confident that the significance of the celebration was understood and appreciated by the great American public, that false interpretations of its purpose had been dispelled, and that we might go forward to the definite realization of our programme with the expressed approval and applause of all the best elements of the American population.

At the beginning of our tour a few misgivings as to its purport found expression in the press, notably a warning from Professor Münsterberg lest any anti-German element should color our celebration. We ought to be grateful to him for affording an opportunity to dispose of this utterly baseless suspicion. Lord Weardale, head of the British delegation, and Sir Arthur Lawley, his second in command, dealt with the canard more than once in decided terms. The Conference itself, in its official manifesto to the nations, made it clear that the celebration had no narrow racial basis or sinister object, and that all nations

were invited to join sympathetically in the commemoration of an event which contained a lesson and an inspiration for all and a menace toward none.

The world is not yet used to celebrations of peaceful centenaries. It is much more accustomed to the alliances and *ententes* which, although nominally framed for the maintenance of peace, have usually a sharpened point directed against other nations outside the compact. The real significance of the British-American Peace Centenary is that it belongs to a different category from these. Its story is one of peaceful achievement, of actual harmonious accomplishment, throughout a hundred years of constant neighborhood, of questions of "honor," of "vital interest," of "territorial possession," settled by the machinery of conciliation and arbitration without one single resort to the sword; of a frontier of 3,400 miles without a fortress on either side to defend it, with no rival fleets of battle-ships on its Great Lakes, but safe from desecration and outrage because of the mutual trust and regard which have kept it inviolate through three generations.

The Conference between the several delegations in New York extended from May 5 to May 9, and its deliberations resulted in an entirely harmonious agreement as to the main lines of the celebration in 1914-15. After a felicitous welcome by Mayor Gaynor at the City Hall, the delegates listened to an address by the Hon. Alton B. Parker, containing a useful recapitulation of the main incidents and difficulties between the two countries which had been peacefully settled since the Treaty of Ghent in 1814, and a reminder of the steady growth of agencies for the promotion of international peace since the meeting of the first Hague Conference in 1899.

The decisions and resolutions of the Conference were all carried with the unanimous consent of the respective delegations, and they may therefore be expected to find a ready acceptance amongst the various national committees formed to carry out the celebration.

Their first notable feature was the resolve to erect a series of great monuments (to which the various Governments are to be asked to contribute) in the capital cities of the countries concerned, of similar design and with identical

inscription. These memorials, in the streets of London, Washington, Ottawa, and perhaps also in the capital of the Australian Commonwealth, will tell in simple language the story of the Hundred Years of Peace. It is hoped that their inauguration will be made the occasion of a great state ceremony which will indelibly impress their message upon the minds of the millions who visit these metropolitan cities. Here is a notable opportunity for a great artist to speak to the mind and conscience of the world.

An even more important agreement was reached by the conference with regard to the educational features of the celebration. To rewrite the history of the Hundred Years in a friendly, sympathetic spirit which should command the assent of both sides; to establish chairs of British-American History which should interpret the greatness of each people to the other, and bring into relief their pacific accomplishments and victories for humanity and civilization; to effect an exchange of teaching-staffs and of newspaper-writers, with a view to a better understanding of "how the other half lives"—all this constitutes an admirable feature of the coming celebration which received the unanimous indorsement of the Conference, and which cannot but have the most far-reaching effects for good upon the future relations of these two great peoples.

In addition to these and other proposals included in the programme by the Conference the American and Canadian delegates considered the question of an appropriate marking of their international boundary by commemorative peace-bridges, monuments, and tablets at various selected points. It is the hope and intention of both delegations that the story of the Hundred Years' peaceful accomplishment shall reverberate from one end to the other of the long American-Canadian frontier line. So may it be! And may this frontier, unarmed since the Rush-Bagot Agreement of 1817, ever remain an example and challenge to the world as to the supreme defensive value of good will, mutual trust, and common sense.

The members of the British delegation have brought home with them many charming memories of leading Americans whom it was our privilege to meet. We shall long remember our gracious reception at the White House by President and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and their family, and the assurance of the distinguished head of the American executive of his deep interest in and sympathy with the objects of our mission. It will be long before we shall forget the noble orations pronounced at the banquet of the Carnegie Foundation at Washington by Senator Elihu Root and Secretary of State W. J. Bryan—so instinct with noble humanitarian sentiment. Another delightful incident was our visit to the home of Mr. Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay; his toast to "Peace,

with justice and righteousness, between the nations and within the borders of each nation;" and his assertion that "So far as I am concerned, I am prepared to agree in advance to the settlement of any question that may arise between England and America, either by mutual agreement or by arbitration."

There are many other incidents of our crowded tour upon which I should delight to linger, but space forbids. I had my own first taste of the restful beauty of Lake Mohonk and of the activities of its annual Conference on International Arbitration. We have nothing corresponding to this notable institution in Great Britain.

Another incident for which I would find room for mention was the beautiful peace-pageant presented to us by the teachers and pupils of a large school in Chicago. This pretty spectacle touched all hearts; and we left the metropolis of the Middle West full of the sense, not only of the material progress and industrial triumphs of that great city, but realizing the strain of idealism, of high aspiration, being infused into the minds of the many-tongued children of this great meeting-place of the nations, and of the promise for good which such effort offers for the generations to come.

Perhaps there is one other thought that I may venture here, and which has often been present in my mind during the past three weeks. It is of the world-mission of my own beloved country and of the great United States of America, to be the pioneers of the world's peace. They were the foremost, a century and a quarter ago, to adopt the machinery of arbitration for the settlement of their international disputes, and none have used this method so often, or in such vital causes, as they. Within their own borders each has already worked out a great process of racial, religious, and Constitutional appeasement, which has made them the foremost champions in the modern world of justice, toleration, and liberty. They are about to exhibit to the world the glorious story of their own conquest of themselves throughout a hundred years. The racial fusion and pacification which they have compassed within, they are best qualified to further without, their vast territories. May it not be that their coming celebration is but the first engagement of a long campaign for Peace, for the dethronement of the Armed Fear, and for a new and better era of international comity and good will?

Of the Conference itself I can only express my own conviction that it was a triumphant success; and that it formed a fitting prelude to what I trust and believe will be one of the most memorable celebrations of our present age, namely, the commemoration of a Hundred Years of Peace between the great British and American peoples, for the instruction and encouragement of all mankind.

# THE READER'S VIEW

## COLLEGE DEBATES

The criticism of debating contests by Colonel Roosevelt in one of the early chapters of his autobiography was read by me with much interest, an interest due to the fact that fifteen years ago I participated in three intercollegiate debates while a student at Columbia. For a man of Colonel Roosevelt's keen and comprehensive mind his criticism may be just, but as a general proposition it is my conviction that the position he takes is wrong. Of course there is a defective element in a form of contest that occasionally forces a man to strive for a principle or a conclusion in the soundness of which he does not really believe. The defect is, however, much more apparent than real, because in the kind of questions that form the bones of contention in the usual collegiate debates there is a great quantity of sound argument both pro and con. The most universal and disastrous defect about the convictions of most men is the fact that they are not really convictions at all, but rather prejudices. The thing that most men do not do is to investigate carefully all the facts on both sides of the questions of the day, and, having done this, to make up their minds. It is precisely this sort of training that a college debater must get, for fully three-fourths of his preparation is a thorough and painstaking investigation of all the facts on both sides of the question at issue. The practice of collegiate debating may, in rare instances, develop a facility to plead with an apparent sincerity against one's convictions; but it almost invariably results in making its followers come to a realization that clings to them through life, that all the righteousness and all the truth are not to be found on one side of any controversy, and this result is enough to justify its existence.

C. F. W.

New York City.

## JAPAN AND AMERICA: A MISSIONARY'S VIEW

The splendid reception given Dr. Mabie in Dalny, Manchuria, when he lectured in the local Young Men's Christian Association building, was not so much of a tribute to him as it was to America. Very few of the Japanese present understood enough English to follow the lecture through, and yet the room was crowded and many could not get in. They all listened with rapt attention. The few Americans and Englishmen had to stand in the yard, where from open windows a hearing was possible.

To those living in Japan who have watched with keen interest the good feeling of long standing between Japan and America, the anti-Japanese feeling causes much sadness.

European diplomacy, as compared with the friendly attitude of America toward Japan during these years, is nothing of importance.

What America did not try to do by diplomacy (so called) she has done in a Christian spirit by returning indemnities, etc., and by these acts has done more to win the favor of the Japanese than any mere diplomacy could have accomplished.

I speak thus confidently from an experience in Japan of thirty years, during which time I have been thrown into daily, direct contact with all classes of the people. To lose this friendship, to mar in any way the helpful making of a people like the Japanese, would be worse than the loss of trade by a boycott—it would be the crushing of a proud and sensitive spirit ever ready to be helped by kindness, ever anxious to be taught by a nation so greatly respected and looked up to as America has been by the Japanese during these many years.

If America is willing to help Japan in a Christlike spirit, she will enrich herself and help into a more glorious being a very worthy member of the great human race bearing the marks of divinity. (Rev.) A. V. BRYAN.

Port Arthur, Manchuria.

## A LATIN LEAGUE

Your editorial note entitled "A New Kind of Intercollegiate Meet" I thought at first glance must have to do with the Latin League of Wisconsin Colleges. The sentiments of that editorial embody our thoughts, in fact our strivings, for the last five years. For it was in the spring of 1908 that we began to correspond with our colleges here relative to a Latin League. The idea was coldly received at first, and it was not until November, 1909, that the first conference was actually held. This was in the auditorium, Milwaukee. We incorporated in March, 1910. On that date representatives of the Latin Departments of the six colleges, Beloit, Carroll, Lawrence, Milton, Milwaukee-Downer, and Ripon, were granted a charter under the laws of Wisconsin. Before the end of April over half a thousand dollars had been pledged towards an endowment of \$5,000, which has now been secured. The immediate purpose is to hold an annual contest between these colleges. They will send their best Latin students to this annual contest, and to the winners will be awarded cash prizes and special tokens of honor.

The canvass for the \$5,000 permanent endowment was making some progress when, on August 14, 1911, a letter was received from Mr. Fred Felix Wettengel, of Appleton, Wisconsin, to the effect that if the League would secure and deposit with its trustees at Madison the sum of \$2,500 by June, 1912, he would make good the other half of the proposed fund. The income of the \$5,000 was to be offered as an annual prize which Mr. Wettengel named, in

honor of a brother who was killed in an auto accident, "The Louis G. Kirchner Latin Memorial Prize."

The League met the terms prescribed. It has also secured a silver trophy cup and an endowment for three medals, one each of gold, silver, and bronze. The cup is to be awarded to the college that sends the strongest team and is to be retained until the next annual event.

The League held its first annual contest at Milwaukee, April 11, 1913. The contest was in the form of a competitive examination, in which twenty candidates participated. There were two sessions: the forenoon session of two and a half hours was devoted to sight translation of Latin prose and poetry; the afternoon session of one and one-half hours to Latin prose writing.

The result of the first meet was a decided victory for Milwaukee-Downer College, which won the Kirchner prize of \$250 and the three medals. Lawrence College won the trophy cup, as her team secured the greatest number of points, while John Daland, of Milton College, was accorded honorable mention for brilliant work in Latin writing. E. D. WRIGHT.

Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin.

#### THE "MORAL HAZARD" IN FIRE INSURANCE

I read with interest The Outlook's recent paragraph on the "moral hazard."

Enlightened self-interest, to use a phrase originated by John Stuart Mill, demands that insurance companies do everything practicable towards suppressing fire. Fire insurance is not unintelligent gambling; it is scientific work tending to prevent fires, and, when fires occur, to distribute the loss so that one man will not be completely ruined by the disaster, but will have his insurance money as a nucleus upon which to rehabilitate himself. It is unfortunate that, it seems, only those actively engaged in the work of fire insurance properly appreciate its scientific nature. The average insurer does not trouble himself to know. What does the insurer know of the why and wherefore of such clauses as the Three-Fourths Value, the Co-insurance, the Iron Safe, the Distribution Average, and the Vacancy? These clauses are all used in the interest of fairness. Underwriters would be gratified if the insuring public did educate themselves in these details.

Is not the erection of the many "fireproof" buildings throughout the country attributable, in a measure, to fire insurance? For a lower rate of insurance must be a great consideration. A concern can save much, in the way of premium, by having its building constructed of fire-resistive material. The writer knows of the concrete instance where a policy was issued for \$10,000 on a "fireproof" cold storage building, on which the premium was but \$13.15. A building adjoining it, not of fire-resistive construction, but fairly

good brick-and-metal, containing the more hazardous occupancy of paper and printing, brought in the much greater premium of \$90 on \$10,000 of insurance. Yet no insurance company would have knowingly accepted the latter preferentially.

The business of fire insurance has resulted in originating many associations, composed of underwriters themselves, for the purpose of fire prevention. Whole towns are inspected by them, and attention called to uncleanness, carelessness, and inadequate protection. Where an assured refuses to improve his risk, there is the penalty of his policy being canceled, or the rate of insurance increased.

Among underwriters it is a truism that the moral hazard is the most important feature of a risk. The importance of this fact is emphasized by insurance companies, yet is not appreciated by the public generally. To illustrate this, suppose the following instance: A policy is issued to a person quite acceptable as a risk to the insurance company. That person sells the property involved in the policy to another. The policy will not continue effective under the new property-ownership unless the company is notified, and accepts the new assured. Fire insurance insures persons, not property, and would not be granted to a known bad moral risk.

As much as anything, legislation, or the lack of it, produces the incendiary. Mr. Young E. Allison, in "The Insurance Field" of April 24 last, gives interesting information along this line. He states that in Germany police take charge of the premises while they are burning, investigate the cause of fire, and, if it originated in the carelessness or neglect of the occupant, the fact is declared. The occupant must prove the reverse. Unless he does, he receives no insurance payments. For a false alarm, or small damage, he must pay the expense of the fire department run, ranging from \$12.50 to \$100, as the case may be. He must pay all the expense of the investigation, and the loss caused by his negligence and failure. The loss ratio is less in Europe than here, because of excellent laws necessitating carefulness on the part of the public. Consequently the rates of insurance are much lower. PHILIP F. BROWN, JR.

Virginia Fire and Marine Insurance Company,  
Richmond, Virginia.

[This is all true and all interesting; but it is not inconsistent with the chief assertion made by Mr. McFarlane and Fire Commissioner Johnson, and briefly summarized in The Outlook. This assertion, in effect, is that investigation into values of property insured is lamentably defective in this country; that our laws are weak and lax in this respect as compared with those of other countries; and that it is susceptible of proof that thereby the "moral hazard" is made excessive, and the results are demonstrably deplorable. —THE EDITORS.]

# MANY INVENTIONS

USE OF THE SUN'S RAYS  
BY DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

Mr. James O. Handy, the eminent engineer, states that in the tropics, if you assume the solar constant as 1,800 calories per hour per square meter, you may readily see that the heat per square kilometer will be equivalent to that produced by the complete combustion of 1,000 tons of coal. A surface of only 10,000 square kilometers receives in one year, calculating a day of only six hours, an amount of heat corresponding to that produced by the burning of three and one-half billion tons of coal, or more than three times the annual production of coal. The desert of Sahara, with its 6,000,000 square kilometers, receives daily solar energy equivalent to six thousand million—6,000,000,000—tons of coal.

It is estimated, says Mr. Handy, that as a consequence of the solar rays and the prevalence of moisture and carbonic acid in the earth's crust and in the air, that the earth annually yields 32,000,000,000 tons of growing vegetation. This, if burned, would be about the same as 18,000,000 tons of coal.

Man may thus prepare for the exhaustion of coal by investigating those types of vegetable life which grow woody fibers most rapidly. These plants can then be cultivated extensively and afterwards converted into fuel and energy in the most economic way.

There is, he says, every reason to expect that some new method or processes will be forthcoming to improve agricultural methods of yielding fuel. Advantage will have to be taken of the fact that many chemical changes are produced by the action of the sun's rays. Some of these now known and many about to be discovered will be the basis of a method of converting the solar energy in dry, tropical countries directly into a form of energy that may be transmitted to habitable countries where it may be used.

## THE SUPPRESSION OF SMOKE

Cleveland and other Western cities have grappled seriously with the suppression of the smoke nuisance. A recent issue of the "Engineering Digest" contains valuable suggestions for smoke abatement and diagrams of two furnaces which will burn bituminous coal without smoke. In commenting editorially the "Engineering Digest" urges the

East to follow the example of the West before the nuisance gets a grip harder to shake off later. It adds:

The above remarks are called forth by half a dozen chimneys in plain view from the windows of the editorial offices, which daily discharge large volumes of dense black smoke into New York's usually clear atmosphere. Some of the stacks have been offenders for a long time. Others have but recently taken to polluting the atmosphere, being doubtless encouraged to do so by the example and apparent immunity of the first stacks. The same thing may be observed in other cities which have heretofore been regarded as "hard coal towns," and, as such, immune from the smoke nuisance. First one boiler plant and then another discards anthracite for the cheaper bituminous coal, and when nothing happens, so far as the authorities are concerned, surrounding manufacturers see no reason why they, too, should not profit by using a cheaper fuel, even if it does spoil the appearance of the town and damage their own and their neighbor's property.

We do not advocate the prosecution of offenders and the suppression of smoke from æsthetic considerations alone. A continually smoking stack is an index of inefficiency, and whenever inefficiency appears, we hit it, and hit it hard. Smoke prevention is simply a matter of good engineering. And it is engineering that pays a handsome return on the investment. E. P. Roberts, smoke inspector of the city of Cleveland, has shown that the saving in fuel due to the suppression of smoke will in the average plant give a return of twenty per cent on the investment in apparatus necessary to smoke suppression. But the saving in fuel is the least saving that is made through smoke suppression. Smoke damages surrounding property and merchandise and affects the health of the people. Ten years ago the estimated loss in one year in the city of Cleveland due to damage to property by smoke was twelve million dollars.

## THE TELEPHONE AND TALKING THROUGH THE NOSE

A singular but apparently reasonable attempt has been made to intensify telephonic transmittance of sound by taking into account the fact that voice sound proceeds from the nose as well as the mouth. Mr. Jacques Boyer describes the proposed intensifier in a special article which appears in the "Scientific American":

Inasmuch as in the telephone the electric current reacts upon the magnet in the receiver, not so much by its intensity, but by the variations in its intensity, it is necessary, if the ear is to receive as perfect as possible a rendering of the sound impressed upon the transmitter, to reproduce as exactly as possible all the modulations of the voice. To realize just what this

implies, we must bear in mind the construction of our throat. On issuing from the pharynx the sound waves impinge upon the soft palate, which divides them into two unequal parts, of which the one escapes through the nose, while the other issues at the mouth. Evidently, to obtain a perfect result, it is necessary that each of these two groups of sound waves be transmitted in proper proportion over the telephone, while as a matter of fact the instruments in common use transmit almost exclusively the mouth waves, so that nearly one-half of the voice remains unutilized. This is not a mere guess, but can be actually proved experimentally by recording by photographic means the variations in the intensity of the microphone current, which can be done by the aid of an oscillograph; a simpler means to effect the same end, perhaps less perfectly, is to observe the condensations of the breath from the mouth and nose by means of mirrors or other suitable devices. It is found that the records so obtained for the mouth and nose differ for the same word, according to loudness of speech.

In the improved telephone invented by Dr. Julius Glover, contrary to the usual custom, the entire voice assists in producing the electromagnetic phenomena by the aid of which speech is transmitted. The new apparatus differs from the customary form in that it possesses two microphone transmitters, one for the mouth and one for the nose, each of properly adjusted sensibility. The couple of mouthpieces is attached to a handle as in the ordinary telephone. As a matter of hygiene a roll of tissue paper may be passed in front of the mouth and nose to prevent any possible infection, the tissue paper being renewed automatically at each call.

#### OBJECT-LESSONS OF SANITATION

We spoke recently of the wonderful model of the house-fly as big as a cat at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. That forms only one item in an exhibition of models and graphic representations of matters that relate vitally to health and cleanliness. Here is an extract from a newspaper account of some of the most interesting features:

The connection between the rat and the bubonic plague, for example, is shown in the reproduction of a section of a dwelling in San Francisco. This represents two adjoining rooms, in one of which several rats are seen feasting upon the refuse of a garbage barrel, while in the next, the wall of which is pierced by rat-holes, are several more taking their ease in a room which is evidently a pantry. These rats, of course, are supposed to be infested with the fleas which transmit the plague.

The huge model of the mosquito, made several years ago for the Department of Invertebrate Zoölogy, really belongs in the Hall of Public Health, but the delicacy of its construction (it is largely composed of spun glass) is such that it is thought unadvisable to move it. The mosquito, however, is not neglected in the exhibits

which have place in the hall. One of the most striking groups is that of "the ill-kept farm," which has as a companion piece "the well-kept farm." In the first model are shown a farmhouse and farm buildings of the old-fashioned type; there is a well with an "old oaken bucket," the stable has a large manure heap, the outhouses are of a primitive character, and adjoining the farmyard is a malarial mosquito-breeding marsh. The companion group shows a windmill, indicating that the shallow well has been replaced by a driven well, insuring an unpolluted water supply; a fly-tight box has been substituted for the unsightly and unsanitary manure heap, the outhouses have been brought up to date, the rain barrels in which the anopheles "wrigglers" used to breed have disappeared, and their last refuge, the swamp, has been drained.

Less popular in its appeal, though effective on closer study, is the collection of diagrams showing the transmission of typhoid epidemics from one community to another through the medium of a common polluted water supply, and those showing the lessening of the number of typhoid cases through the installation of pure water supplies.

#### MIRRORS AT ROAD CROSSINGS

Mirrors at road crossings for the use of warning automobiles are commencing to be used in England, it is stated, and the results are very good. They are being put in places where the crossings are specially dangerous, and the use of large mirrors allows the driver to see the reflection of cars which are coming in other directions. The method will probably be extended in the future, as it is likely to avoid many accidents and will be well worth the small cost of putting in. Another use for mirrors is upon heavy power wagons, where the driver cannot hear the signals of automobiles back of him so as to have him take the right-hand side of the road to allow them to pass, for the noise of the power wagon often prevents the horn from being heard. It is proposed to fit the power wagons with small mirrors showing the back of the road; but were this to be made obligatory, the mirrors might be imposed upon the usual automobile cars as well, and this would give rise to some objections from their owners. —*Scientific American*.

#### THE COST OF MOTOR-TRUCKING

A Chicago coal company which uses fourteen 5-ton motor trucks reports that in the month of November, 1912, each truck was operated on an average of 25.3 days, that it traveled an average daily distance of 27.92 miles and hauled an average of 35.13 tons per day. The average operating expense of each truck for the month was \$280.65, the principal items of which were gasoline, \$30.84; driver and helper, \$89.14; other labor, \$17.54; depreciation at 20 per cent, \$69.99; tires, \$28.32; repair parts, \$10.44; insurance, \$14.41; garage, \$10. With loads of 5 tons this would mean 7 trips per day each of 4 miles; or, the load being carried but 2 miles, a ton-mileage of 70 per day and 1,770 for the month, making the cost of trucking per ton mile 16 cents.

## BY THE WAY

There is so often criticism of the great metropolitan law firms for charging their clients enormous fees that it is a pleasure to find the fact reported in the daily papers that when Mr. Roosevelt asked the firm of Bowers & Sand, one of the leading law firms of New York City, who acted as his counsel in his recent libel suit, for their charge, they replied asking him to accept their services without fee on the ground that he performed a public service to the people of the United States in bringing the suit, and that they were glad to have been permitted to have a share in this public service. It should be added that the work which they performed as counsel was long and arduous. It involved the preparation of many papers, taking of depositions, and personal attendance, at the trial, of one of the members of the firm.

John Wanamaker, merchant, was recently presented with a silver medal by the "Dry Goods Economist" for "fifty years of original and progressive retailing." The "Economist" said editorially: "In the field of American retailing there is no single individual who has exerted so broad an influence upon the entire trade as John Wanamaker."

The oldest living college graduate in the United States, the Rev. John F. Mesick, of York, Pennsylvania, who was 100 years old on June 16, was made an LL.D. by Rutgers College at its Commencement. On June 17 the oldest graduate of Harvard, the Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge, 95 years old, passed away. Thus the ministry maintains its reputation for assuring a long life to its members.

At its recent Commencement, Cornell University, in addition to graduating the largest class in its history, signalized itself by granting, for the first time, an architectural degree to a woman. Miss Edna E. Kafisch, of Rantown, Pennsylvania, was the recipient of the honor.

Why is it that the buying and selling of horses usually involves hard feelings and often hard words on the part of the participants to the bargain? Whatever the explanation, even the law recognizes the fact. A Brooklyn Judge, in dismissing a suit for slander because a buyer had called the horse's former owner a "skin," said: "Things like that are nearly always said in the course of a horse deal."

An automobile truck road 100 miles long is, says "Good Roads," to be constructed in Kwangtung Province, China. The enterprise is to be financed by Chinese capitalists and constructed by Chinese engineers.

In the 12,820 postal savings depositaries about \$35,000,000 is now deposited to the credit of some 350,000 persons, the total thus representing nearly \$100 to each depositor.

The well-known theatrical managers, Klaw & Erlanger, are to enter the moving picture field, and will, it is stated, employ 600 people in producing nearly 400 plays in moving pictures. Among the first plays to be produced will be "The Three Guardsmen," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

An interesting phenomenon, says a writer in "American Forestry," is the escape of gas from cavities at the base of hardwood trees in the Ozarks

when the trees are cut down. "When the cavities are cut into, the gas escapes with a whistling sound, and if lighted it will burn with a faint yellow flame." Decomposition of the heart wood of the tree is supposed to cause the formation of the gas.

The Girls' Club of the "Ladies' Home Journal" (said to be the largest club of girls in the world) has raised an endowment fund for educating a Chinese woman physician at Union Medical College for Women, in Peking. The sum sent in, mostly from self-supporting girls, averaged sixty cents for each contributor.

It is not often that a French paper praises the German Kaiser, but recently the Paris "Figaro," in an editorial signed by Gabriel Hanotaux, said that William II deserves the enviable title of the "Emperor of Peace."

A correspondent of the "Railway Age Gazette" objects to the use of the term "engine driver" for "engineer" or "engineman." He says that no railway in the United States carries on its pay-rolls an employee under the designation "engine driver," and regards the expression as derogatory. But if this is an accepted designation in England, why should it be condemned when used here?

"It is only within a generation or two that French has begun to supersede Italian as the *lingua franca* of Galata," says a contributor to "Scribner's," writing of that famous suburb of Constantinople under the title "The Magnificent Community." "It still retains an indefinable Italian air." Prior to 1453 Galata was a flourishing Italian colony, and the Turk has never succeeded in completely denationalizing it.

Some bees apparently work on the eight-hour schedule, others on a ten or twelve hour basis for their working day. A beekeeper says in an exchange that one of his bee colonies begins its day's labor at sunrise and continues till after dark, making a working day two or three hours longer than any other colony in over a hundred. No two colonies of bees, says this apiarist, are alike.

"At present," says Mme. Claire de Pratz in "France from Within," "many Frenchwomen who have been educated in the public laicized schools refuse to wear this symbol of their bond [a wedding-ring], so that there are many married women in France who wear no wedding-ring at all—a terrible heresy indeed, in the eyes of some Anglo-Saxons." The French wedding-ring, the author adds, is generally made in two parts, the wife wearing one and the husband the other, both rings being blessed at the altar when there is a religious ceremony.

An imaginary interview with an up-to-date "composite author" in the New York "Sun" describes the author's antecedents thus: "I stumbled upon literature by accident. I was educated to be a United States Senator, ran away to sea and lived for many years the life of a Fiji Islander. I worked my way through college, . . . went to Paris and lived among the ateliers . . . came back to Ohio and entered politics. These experiences, together with my Puritan ancestry and my journalistic work, I have found invaluable in my literary efforts." The description of the "literary methods" of the composite author deals largely with his way of using the typewriter!